THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For AUGUST, 1809.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

1. The Wanton Experiment.
2. London Fashionable Evening and Full Dress.
3. A New and elegant Pattern for a Cap, Border, &c.

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Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are sorry to be obliged to defer Mr. Farrow's Tale, intitled *The Clock has struck*, till our next; it shall then certainly appear.

J. B. W.'s *Enigma*, as he terms it, is to be found on too many tobacco papers for it's insertion to be expected in the Lady's Magazine.

The *Strictures* of Philogynes are, on several accounts, inadmissible.

Miss Squire's Rebus in our next.

The *Biographical Memoir of Mr. Bolton* is received, and shall appear in our next Number.

We are sorry to have been so long without hearing from our much esteemed Correspondent Mr. J. Webb.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST, 1809.

THE WANTON EXPERIMENT.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

WHEN the thoughtless and and the giddy, in unreflecting wantonness sport with the feelings of persons of delicacy and sensibility, they not only manifest their own deficiencies in these inestimable qualities, but are not unfrequently the cause of very serious mischief.

Caroline Stanmore was a young lady truly amiable, not only for the attractions of her person, but for the exquisite gentleness and tenderness of her disposition. Delicate in the extreme, her sensibility seemed occasionally not to be sufficiently under the command of her understanding ; yet, as the goodness of her heart could not be exceeded, this amiable defect, if defect it is to be considered, only tended to render her more lovely and interesting in the eyes of the generous and the good.

With a heart thus constituted it is not to be supposed that Caroline did not find a lover on whom she could entirely bestow it. As the ivy naturally seeks some stable tree, to which it may attach itself for it's support, women of the gentle dispositions of Caroline are easily induced to accept a lover to whom they will fondly and most faithfully adhere; and in this instance it chanced, for it is not invariably the case, that Caroline met with a young man of warm affections, of excellent understanding, and of most generous and honorable sentiments. Her good sense, for in that she certainly was not deficient, soon informed her that Mr. George Robson was not a youth of common endowments, and a most ardent mutual affection took place, which every interview, and indeed every absence, seemed to increase.

Mr. Robson was a lieutenant in a regiment of the line, which, in the course of the late war, was ordered upon foreign service, a service which must necessarily include both difficulty and danger. As the fortune of Caroline was ample, she, alarmed with the apprehensions of dreadful contin-

gencies which happen every day in war, pressed her lover to renounce the military profession, and live with her in retirement; but George conceived it derogatory to his character as a soldier to resign the first moment his country called for his services; and, gently resisting all her persuasions and remonstrances, joined his regiment, and embarked for the continent.

For a considerable time after his departure, Caroline manifested a fixed anxiety, and lowness of spirits; but after she had heard once or twice from him, and found that he had crossed the sea safely, and that every thing seemed to go on prosperously, this began in some degree to wear off, and she sought amusement, or rather to beguile the tediousness of time, in the company and conversation, if conversation it might be called, of Miss Fanny Flighty, and Miss Lucy Vacant, two young ladies with whom she had contracted a kind of acquaintance while at school, though their manners and dispositions were not a little different from her own. These two young ladies, with the giddy facetiousness of shallow people, had laid a mighty deep plan to make an *experiment* whether their companion's love for the captain was quite so tender as she seemed to profess it to be. Accordingly, on the occasion of a report in the newspapers of some slight engagement between the English and French troops, Miss Flighty and Miss Vacant, sitting in an arbor in the garden, observing Caroline near them watering some favorite flowers, began a dialogue in a very loud whisper, which they intended she should hear, on the terrible calamities of war, and the havoc made in the late battle. 'Poor Caroline,' said Miss Flighty, 'must not be suffered to know any thing of it, as it would be the death of her too, if it is not disclosed to her very cautiously and gradually.'—'Well, but,' said Miss Vacant, 'there are certain accounts that he is not dead yet.'—'Yes,' said the other, 'but the same accounts admit that he is so severely wounded it is scarcely possible he should recover.'

Caroline, who, as they had hoped, had heard all this, in the utmost alarm put down her watering-pot, and hastened into the arbor to her companions, to inquire whom they had been talking about, and what they knew of the battle. But the young ladies, who, if they knew nothing else, knew how to dissemble excellently, especially when mischief was to be effected by dissimulation, denied that they meant any reference to her, and invented a plausible story, which seemed to explain what they had said, but at the same time took care that their manner and behaviour should be such as to keep alive her suspicions and her fears. Caroline retired to her chamber, where, after ruminating for some time on all she had heard, and weighing all the circumstances, her delicate and feeble frame was so overpowered by her anxiety and apprehensions, that she was seised with a violent fit, from which she was with difficulty recovered by her attendant, who chanced fortunately to be near, and whom her cries had brought to her assistance. A fever ensued, and she was for a long time very ill and weak, and at in-

tervals had a recurrence of fits, similar to that with which she had first been seised.

Miss Fanny and Miss Lucy, who had occasioned all this mischief by their foolish *hoax*, as this miserable kind of joke is denominated by those versed in fashionable wit, after having, as was certainly their duty, done their utmost to undeceive her, in which, however, they were by no means so successful as they had been in deceiving and distressing her, finding that their presence always had an ill effect on her, desisted from visiting her for several months. But at length hearing that she was greatly recovered, and conceiving that they might now be even of some service by again solemnly protesting that there was no foundation for their insinuations, resolved to make her a visit. It happened that she that afternoon walked out into a romantic kind of wood near the house where she resided, and was unexpectedly attacked with another fit just at the moment the two young ladies, who must necessarily pass that way, came by. What a sight presented itself to them, and how forcibly must it impress on them the effects of their indiscretion! The amiable Caroline lay stretched on the ground, in a kind of agony, with her hair disheveled, and having torn off a great part of her dress. One of them had nearly fainted, and was with difficulty supported by her companion; both, as soon as they had recovered from the shock they had sustained, joined in their exertions to relieve Caroline and convey her safe into the house; after which they retired, fully convinced of the folly of what they had misconceived to be wit.

Time at length brought to Caroline the only effectual remedy: her lover returned unhurt from the continent, and, yielding to the entreaties of her whose illness had proved how truly she loved him, resigned the soldier's life. They were united, and they were happy; but the delicate constitution of Caroline exhibited, for several years after, the effects of the indiscreet conduct of her thoughtless companions.

DESCRIPTION *of the* TOWN *and* PORT *of* FLUSHING, *and of the* CITY *of* ANTWERP.

THE proceedings of the very formidable expedition which has lately left our ports, and captured the town of Flushing, and of which the ulterior operations are expected to be directed against the city of Antwerp, will, we presume, render the following description and historical account of those two important places not unacceptable to our readers.

FLUSHING, or *Vlissengen*, is a sea-port town of the Dutch province of Zealand, situate in the island of Walcheren, on the north side of an arm of the Scheldt, and defends the passage not of that river only, but all the islands of Zealand, of which it is one of the most important keys. It was on this account that Charles V., when he abdicated the crown, particularly enjoined his son Philip to take care and preserve it safe; and that prince, when he left the port, in 1559, to take possession of the kingdom of Spain, commanded a castle to be built to defend the town, which was, however, never executed, on account

of the troubles that happened soon after. The port lies between two moles that break the waves of the sea, which enters the town by means of two canals, forming two basons, so that loaded vessels may sail into the town, to the great convenience of the merchants. It was but a small place before the fifteenth century, when Adolpus de Bourgogne, the lord of the place, surrounded it with walls; since which it has become a celebrated port, and is now, next to Middleburgh, the richest town in the province of Zealand. The Emperor, Charles V. erected into a Marquisate in 1551, which the Prince of Orange purchased, together with the Marquisate of Ter-Vere for one hundred and forty-six thousand florins, which intitled him and his successors to three votes at the assembly of the States of Zealand; and, although their right and title were frequently disputed, and even annulled by the States of Zealand, they were fully to them, together with the hereditary Stadtholdership in 1747. The Stadt-House, built according to the model of that at Amsterdam, is a superb building, and well deserves the attention of travellers. The inhabitants of Sluys pillaged this town in 1485. The States General seised it on the 27th of April 1573, by means of seven boats filled with soldiers, sent by the Prince of Orange from the Brill. When they landed they hanged the Spanish commander, Francis Paciotti, one of the greatest engineers of his time, and the friend of the Duke of Alva. They pillaged the churches and cloisters, and made themselves dreaded both by land and sea, taking likewise the town of Vere, and defeating a fleet of Spanish ships, commanded by the Duke of Medina Celi. The Duke of Alva and the Prince of Parma endeavoured to retake it but in vain. On the 29th of January 1574 the Flushinghers took several Spanish vessels, which were sent from Antwerp to the succour of Middleburg, then besieged by the confederates. The states pledged this, with some other towns, to Queen Elizabeth, as a security for her assistance, an surrendered it to the Earl of Leicester, who was made Governor the 29th of October 1585, and arrived the same year with six thousand soldiers, and above five hundred gentlemen. In the year 1616 it was restored with the other towns, by the negotiation of John Olden Barnevelt, ambassador to James I.

Flushing was taken by the French in 1795; and, within these few days, viz. Aug. 15th, 1809, after a short but very destructive bombardment, surrendered to the British forces. It is situated 28 miles north east of Ostend. Lat. 50°. 26'. N. Lon. 1°. 19'. E.

ANTWERP or *Antorff*, called by the French *Anvers*, and by the Spaniards *Amberes*, is the capital of a Marquisate in Brabant, called the Marquisate of Antwerp, and also the Marquisate of the Holy Roman Empire. It is situate in a large plain on the eastern side of the Scheldt, which river is there sufficiently deep and broad to admit vessels of considerable burthen close to the quay; and, by means of canals, cut through the town, vessels may even be brought to unload at the very doors of the warehouses. The commerce of this city rather more than two centuries ago was superior to that

of any other in Europe, 2,500 merchant vessels arriving in it's port in one year; and it is recorded in the annals of the place that the value of the merchandise imported in the year 1550 amounted to one hundred and thirty-three millions of gold; and, as a proof of the riches and magnificence of it's merchants, it is related, that a certain merchant, named John Daens, having lent the Emperor Charles V. a million of gold pieces, invited him to dinner, when, after a royal entertainment, he lighted a fire, laid with cinnamon wood, with the Emperor's bond. This drew the German and other merchants to settle at Antwerp; and after the Archduke Maximilian had, about the year 1499, brought Bruges into subjection, the merchants of that city removed to Antwerp. When the Emperor Charles V. wished to introduce the infernal tribunal of the inquisition into this city, he was awed by the information that the English merchants would leave the city and country; and this remonstrance proved effectual, for, upon inquiry, the emperor found that the English merchant adventurers maintained or employed at least about 20,000 persons in Antwerp alone, besides 30,000 more in other parts of the Netherlands. At this time, this city and Hamburg possessed the principal commerce of of the northern and middle parts of Europe; but after the union of the Seven United Provinces, in 1579, the commerce of Antwerp began to decline, and this misfortune was accelerated by the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, and the sack of the town by the Duke of Parma, in 1585, which forced it's inhabitants to seek an asylum in Holland, and particularly at Amsterdam, whether it's trade was transferred, in consequence of the United Provinces having gained possession of the entrance of the Scheldt, built forts on the sides, and sunk obstructions in the channel, to prevent a free navigation. The loss of their trade led them to direct their attention to painting, jewelling, or banking, which they have prosecuted with success and reputation, and they have also had a considerable manufacture of tapestry, lace, and linen.

During the civil wars in the sixteenth century, this city suffered considerably. In 1566, the protestants pillaged the churches with extreme fury. In 1576, the Spanish soldiers mutinied on account of their pay, and joined the rebels, surprised the city, and made dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants: the town-house, and many other magnificent buildings, with 600 houses, were burned to ashes, and upwards of ten thousand persons killed and wounded. This calamity began on the 4th of November, and the pillage of the city continued three days. In the year 1585, the city took part with the Prince of Orange, and was commanded by the Philip de Marnix, baron of St. Aldegonde, who had been the prince's confidential friend, and one in whom the citizens especially reposed great faith. The Prince of Parma was at that time general of the Spanish forces, and laid siege to Antwerp. Never, they say, was a place better attacked, or better defended; but at the end of a year, being driven to great distress for want of provisions, the besieged were obliged to capitulate, and the sovereignty of the King of Spain was again acknowleged at Antwerp. After this, the protestants, to avoid the

government of an arbitrary catholic prince, removed with their families and effects to Amsterdam, and other places, where they might be allowed liberty of conscience and a free exercise of their religion. This was the first blow to the commerce of Antwerp, and from this time that of Amsterdam increased, which last city, it is said, had privately recourse to every mean to prevent assistance being given to her rival during the siege. At the treaty of Munster, when a peace was concluded between Philip IV. and the United Provinces, by which the independence of those provinces was acknowleged and guaranteed, Antwerp seems to have fallen a sacrifice for a peace offering; for, by an article of that treaty, it was agreed that no large merchant vessel should sail up to Antwerp, without first unloading her cargo in one of the ports of Holland, from whence the merchandise might be conveyed to Antwerp in barges or small vessels. This gave a death blow to the commerce of Antwerp, since which it has never revived. The late Emperor Joseph made a pretence of again opening the navigation of the Scheldt; but for want of resolution, conduct, or power, the scheme proved abortive. The late threatened plan of opening the Scheldt by the French, which was one of the ostensible reasons for England's taking up arms, is well known. The navigation was declared free in the month of August 1794.

After the battle of Ramillies, this city surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough. In 1746 it was taken by the French, but restored to the House of Austria at the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. It was taken by the French in 1792, but evacuated by them in the March following. In July 1794 it again surrendered to the republican troops.

Antwerp is large and well built, and contains 22 squares, and more than 200 streets, which are straight and broad; and one of them, called the *Mere*, is so wide that six carriages may pass abreast. At the head of this street is a crucifix of brass, thirty-three feet high. It is the see of a bishop, suffragan to the Archbishop of Malines; and the cathedral church is a beautiful and elegant building; but the French have despoiled it of it's richest ornaments, or the pictures of Reubens, Vandyke, and other Flemish masters, which are now placed in the Louvre gallery at Paris. The Stadt-House and the exchange are also magnificent structures. The latter, built in 1531, was the first building of that kind in Europe, and on the model of this were built the exchanges of London and Amsterdam. It's pillars are of blue marble and carved, but every one of them in a different style. The city is surrounded by a wall and regular fortifications. The citadel, which is of a pentagonal form, stands on a rising ground; it was built by the sanguinary Duke of Alva, and is very strong. The number of inhabitants is computed at about 50,000, the sad remains of it's former flourishing state; for in 1568, when it's trade is supposed to have been at it's greatest height, they were estimated at 200,000.—Antwerp is 25 miles north of Brussels, and 75 south of Amsterdam, lat. 51°. 13′. N. lon. 4°. 23′. E.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 303.]

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady Seymour to Lord Seymour.

Walsingham Hall.

ALAS! my lord, the fairest rose of England is withered; blighted by cruel perfidy, by still crueller infidelity, the silken thread of life is broken ere it was half spun. In the very morn of loveliness, before the meridian of beauty was attained, this spotless flower is crossed in it's stalk, like the virgin lily nipped by blusterous and unkindly winds. Need I say the incomparable, the patient suffering angel is dead! — the pattern of our sex, whether as a wife, a mother, or a friend. Alas! well may my tears flow: 'I ne'er shall look upon her like again;' for the poor rude world hath not her fellow.

[*In continuation.*]

Since my last she has been gradually declining; but yesterday morning appeared so much worse, that Doctor Mortimer declared she could not live till evening. She herself said that she should not, and expressed much pleasure at the assurance. She asked several times if Lord Walsingham was arrived; but the unfeeling savage neither came nor answered my letter. About noon a post-chaise drove furiously into the court — 'He is come!' said the dying saint, and joy danced in her languid eye. I ran to the hall-door time enough to see poor Baderly spring from the carriage — (I suppose you informed him of affairs here) — He caught my hand: 'I am come too late,' said he, looking earnestly in my face. 'No,' replied I, 'Lady Walsingham still lives.'

'Thank God for that! I shall yet see her, and once more hear the tones of her angelic voice. But why comes not Lord Walsingham to mingle his sorrows with those of his friend? He knows I loved her — he knows I am a true mourner.'

'Lord Walsingham,' answered I, 'is at Dover — I thought your carriage had been his.'

'Poor Walsingham! thou hast not bid adieu to feeling, and how will thy sensibility be wounded when thou shalt hear of this.'

'Hear of it!' exclaimed I, 'why, I wrote to him more than a week ago, and yet he neither has come nor answered my letter.'

'Then depend on it, lady Seymour, the letter has miscarried, or he would have been here.'

'A shriek from above alarmed us both. I hastened up. Lady Walsingham had fainted, and poor Jessica (who had not quitted the room for three days and nights) imagined she was dead. However, she opened her eyes once more, and looking round the room, as if in search of some one who was not there — 'Lord Walsingham,' said I, 'is not yet arrived, but Mr. Baderly is below, and desirous of seeing you once again.'

'How I trouble my friends; but I will see him, my dear Seymour, while I can.'

We supported her with pillows, and I went to fetch and caution him from betraying too much emotion in her presence, as it would agitate her weak frame, and perhaps hasten her end. He promised fair; but as soon as the door was opened, and he beheld the darkened room, he burst into an agony of grief, and hastened back. How contagious is sorrow! I, who had been just cautioning him, was overcome myself, and it was long ere either of us could speak. When we did enter, and Caroline saw him, she held out her hand as to a brother. He threw himself on his knees by her bed-side; but his emotions were so strong they would not suffer him to speak.

'Why will you distress me thus?' said Caroline, laying her hand on his; 'you *know* "in the world I only filled up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty:" I have lived too long, but am now about to change a life of sorrow for an inexpressible happy state—a state where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where the weary shall be at rest.

'When you see your friend, sir, give him this;' drawing a folded paper from under her pillow. Baderly kissed the paper, and put it in his bosom.

'Jessica,' said she, 'where is your father and Henry?'

'Below, madam,' sobbed the weeping girl.

'Then desire them to walk up, and let me pass the few hours I have to live in the company of those I love.'

They came; and we drew our chairs round the bed. O, Seymour! had you seen how lovely she looked, with what cheerfulness she spoke of her death, with what calm security she gave instructions concerning her funeral, you would have been amazed. But had you beheld the divine animation, the beauteous glow which irradiated her countenance when she spoke of the reward she was so near receiving, you would have imagined the roses of immortality had already begun to blossom on her cheek!—Her beauteous little cherub was brought in. She took the child in her feeble arms, and kissing it—'May the Almighty preserve thee!' said she; 'may your life be as much happier as may please God, but may your latter end be like your mother's. To your affectionate care, my beloved Lady Seymour, I bequeath this precious infant, as a proof of my tenderest love and unbounded confidence. Fostered by your love, educated under your eye, she will not feel the loss of her mother. You will be her adviser, her monitor, her friend. You will teach her to cherish the memory of one parent, and her duty to the other. But suffer not, my dearest friend, the love you once bore the mother to insinuate ought into her tender mind against her father.'

I took the smiling babe into my arms, and, pressing it to my bosom, promised to obey her every wish. 'From this moment, sweet one,' said I, kissing my lovely charge, 'thou art mine. I will indeed be to thee a mother, and, while life is lent me, cherish thee with the fondest love.'

Caroline smiled on us with angelic sweetness—'This is no more,' said she, 'than I expected

from your friendship ; yet the assurance makes me happy. Every earthly care is now removed ; the chords which bound me are loosened, and I am ready to wing my happy, happy flight to the bright world where my Adolphus will hail his mother's approach with songs of triumph. He will lead me enraptured through ambrosial fields of glory. Oh ! my friends, methinks I already hear the loud anthem begun by ten thousand harmonious tongues — a daughter of sorrow has escaped from her cottage of clay, an heir of immortality is arrived ! There shall this earthly coronet, which I have worn with so much anxiety, be exchanged for a never-fading crown. There no false friend shall disturb, nor death destroy my happiness.'

She leaned her head on the pillow, and seemed contemplating the scene she had described.

Doctor Teddington came in, the chaplain of the Countess of Aubry. 'Ah, doctor!' said the sweet saint, 'I was just thinking of you — I am glad you are come.' The good man was much affected. He says he has known her from childhood, and loves her as his own.'

She motioned for him to pray by her. We all kneeled around her bed, and the doctor earnestly prayed that she might be favored with an easy departure ; and that her example might so impress the minds of every one present that they might live her life and die her death.

Each of us emphatically pronounced an amen to this prayer. 'Now,' said she, 'I should like to see the old faithful servants of my lord once more.' They were immediately admitted. She shook them by the hand, and commended them for their faithfulness and good conduct while she had been their mistress. She admonished them to persevere, and she should then meet them in a more happy state, where all distinctions should be done away, and every one rewarded according to his merit. She then made each a handsome present — 'I do not,' said she, 'doubt your lord's generosity towards you, but I can make no will, and I choose to give you this myself, as a slight remembrance of her who wished you all happy.' — 'Ah! madam,' sobbed old Johnson, 'do you think we can ever forget you ?' — They retired in tears, men as well as women.

'Now,' said she, 'I have one more request to make, and then I will trouble you no more. Get your harp, my dear Jessica, and do you all, my dear friends, join her in Pope's Ode.' The harp was brought, but Jessica in vain strove to raise her voice — it faltered — tears choaked her utterance. Mr. Maynard was the only person who could attempt it, and he seemed to enjoy an inward consciousness that he should soon join her in her song of triumph above. He began — 'Vital spark of heavenly flame.' — In the last verse Caroline joined him in a soft clear voice : at

'Lend, lend your wings — I mount, I fly !
O Grave where is thy victory ?
O Death where is thy sting ?'

she seemed to experience a perfect transport ; and at 'O, death, where is thy sting ?' the rapture proved too strong for her weak frame, and her pure soul speeded away to receive the crown of victory and immortality ! while we, whom she had so joyfully left in

this transitory world, sat gazing on the beauteous corse, and could scarce believe it was death we had witnessed. But, alas! we were soon convinced that her gain was our loss. Jessica was borne out of the room senseless. The whole world appeared to me as nothing. Forgive me, my William, but even the true love I bear you, at that awful moment seemed annihilated. I heaved no sigh — I shed no tear — and opposite to me sat despair itself in the form of Baderly. The good old Teddington spoke a few words concerning the happiness she was then enjoying, and of the certainty of our meeting again, if we followed her example, and then retired to give vent to the feelings of his own heart. Henry took Baderly by the arm, and led him out. As he passed through the door, he heaved a sigh as sad, as heavy, as if the strings of his noble heart had cracked. The women then came in to give their assistance.

I cut several of her beautiful tresses from her forehead: one I shall reserve for myself, another I will present to poor Baderly, who will regard it with the same affectionate awe that pilgrims do the relics of their saints. One is already sent, with a short letter, to the venerable Countess of Aubry, and one I will keep for Lady Mary Brilliant.

Last night Jessica and I sat up with the remains of our friend; and to-day Mrs. Westbury (Jessica's sister) brought a basket of flowers, and strewed the bed on which Lady Walsingham seems sleeping, thus adding sweets to sweets. Good God! what is it I see! The post-chariot of the earl driving furiously up the avenue. I will go down, though I hate his sight.

[*In continuation.*]

I had gained the hall door as the carriage drew up. The horses were in a lather — the servants appeared half dead with fatigue, and the whole equipage was covered with dust. Walsingham opened the door himself, and sprung out without the help of the steps. He looked up to his lady's window. The shutters were closed. 'Oh! God!' cried he, slapping his forehead, 'why is the house shut up?' The old housekeeper had followed me. 'Where is your mistress?' said he, impatiently, to her. 'In Heaven, Lord Walsingham,' said I, before she could answer. — He staggered, his color faded, his countenance assumed a look of horror, and he groaned aloud. In spite of my resentments, pity kindled in my bosom at sight of his sorrows — 'Will you not enter the house and take a last look of the lovely corse?' said I. — He raised his head, despair had taken possession of his fine features.

'O, yes! — yes, I will gaze on the ruin I have caused — A last look! Yes, it will indeed be a last look; for, surely, in the next world we shall be sundered as far as hell from Heaven.'

He went up stairs, and I followed. When arrived at his lady's room, he stopped — 'Proceed, my Lord,' said I, opening the door. The chamber is furnished according to my direction, for I took a melancholy pleasure in disposing the gloomy ornaments.

The walls are hung with black velvet. There is no candles, neither is the day-light wholly excluded: one half shutter is left

open in the middle window, which affords light enough for the solemnity of the scene. The hangings of the bed are white, and form a striking contrast to the sable walls. The curtains of the bed are drawn back and fastened to the posts with wreaths of roses of Lady Walsingham's own making. The canopy is ornamented with plumes of black feathers, and, under it, on a counterpane of white satin, lies apparently sleeping the body of my angelic friend, half covered with sweet flowers, which seem to have blown at this late season on purpose to adorn the tomb of beauty. On one side of the bed sat Mrs. Westbury, on the other Jessica knelt, her face buried in the counterpane. At the bottom sat Baderly, his looks fixed on the ground.

Walsingham threw himself on his shoulder — 'Ah! my friend, how I envy you! You was here to receive her last look, to hear her last words — to soothe the agonies of death, and to receive her dying benediction. You knew how to appreciate her worth. Had I followed your friendly advice I might still have been happy! still have called this angel mine! Alas! "so little knows any but God alone, to value right the good before them, but perverts best things to worst abuse."

The mild, gentle Jessica surprised me. Lifting up her face she sternly exclaimed — 'You, then, are Lord Walsingham, the destroyer of this angelic woman! But look well at your work: observe the smile of peace; the cheerful placidness of those beauteous features, and mourn that your diabolical schemes had but half effect; that she enjoys happiness elsewhere which you denied her here: and I rejoice that her felicity no longer depends on you; for she shall be a ministering spirit in Heaven, whilst thou shalt lie howling.'

The energy with which she spoke roused the attention of both Baderly and Walsingham, and the latter, turning his eyes mournfully on her, said, 'You cannot, lady, detest the man before you more than he abhors himself. But say, Lady Seymour, could the gentle spirit of that lost angel afford forgiveness to such a wretch as I must have appeared to be? — Was her generosity so unbonded?'

'Lady Walsingham,' said I, 'through her life was all gentleness; resentment and anger were ever strangers to her breast. In her death she breathed nothing but cordial love, and pity for you. But Mr. Baderly has a letter which will, perhaps, meet with more attention now from your Lordship than the one I troubled you with some time ago.'

'Oh, that letter!' he exclaimed, with passion — 'Would to Heaven I could exculpate myself from other charges which might be brought against me as easily as I could from those in that. I came the moment I received that letter, Lady Seymour. But, my Baderly, retire with me, lest I pollute this sacred place with the mention of the name of the infernal woman who kept it from me. Give me my dear wife's letter, and let me indulge in all the luxury of unutterable woe and unavailing regret.'

They retired together, when I came up to give you an account of Walsingham's arrival. I will now go down, and shall, perhaps,

hear the contents of the paper left in Mr. Baderly's care.

* * * * * * * *

[In continuation.]

I have heard Lady Walsingham's letter read, and would transcribe it for your perusal; but Walsingham will not part from it a moment. It is the only thing he has to comfort him, so I did not press him. It began with assurances of her entire love, and forgiveness of what she says, after she was gone, he would be too ready to blame himself for.—'Thousands of tears, my Lord,' says she, 'have I shed; and thousands of prayers have I breathed to Heaven for you. Not that I merely wept for the pain your desertion caused me, but also for the pain and sorrow I feared it would one day occasion to yourself, for

'Short is the course of every lawless pleasure,
Grief like a shade on all it's footsteps waits.'

'Kind Heaven is now answering my prayers by taking me to itself; which I hope is to be the means of awaking you from your lethargic dream of happiness; of dissolving the charm which holds captive your better reason, and would have led you, fascinated, to the very brink of destruction in this world, and in the world to come!—Ah! my Lord, to what would it not have led you?'

She then requests, as her last, her dying wish, that her daughters may be given up wholly to my care. She recommends the servants who were more immediately hers to his generosity; and adds, that she hopes he will not let the poor on his estate miss her. For her school she had provided, but requested his protection and patronage for the poor children; and concludes with invoking blessings on him and his family.

This generosity has affected him more than the most cutting reproaches could have done; however he has cleared himself from the imputation of inhumanity, in not coming sooner. The vile Lester received my letter and kept it. She had prevailed on him to quit the kingdom with her, and now hurried to go, in hopes, no doubt, of imbittering the last moments of the amiable Lady Walsingham, by disappointment. He had been out one morning, and returned in expectation of giving her pleasure, by informing her that every thing was ready for their embarkation, and found her dressing-room locked. He was turning away, but, hearing a man's voice, he set his foot against the door, and discovered a gentleman on his knees to Miss Lester! At the sight of Walsingham the intruder started on his feet, drew his sword, and made a furious pass. Walsingham was unarmed, but with a stick parried the thrust, and, struggling, they fell, when the gentleman's own sword entered his side a little below his heart. The unfortunate man bled profusely, Miss Lester screamed; and, fainting, fell into a chair by her toilet, and threw down one of her dressing-boxes, the contents were emptied at Walsingham's feet, who stood astonished at the mischief he had done. At last his eye rested on a letter directed to himself. He took it up, and in it read the danger of his lady, to whose merits his eyes were now opened. He looked at the date and trembled for what might have

happened since it had been wrote. He execrated the wretch who could read it, and yet withhold it from him; and, cursing himself for being deluded, and so long fascinated, by a creature who thus betrayed her earliest friend, rushed down stairs, and, ordering William to take care of the wounded gentleman, set off for Walsingham-Hall without any one being acquainted with his journey, except William, who is to send him word if the gentleman's life is supposed to be in danger.

This is the account he gives; and I in some measure pity him, but Jessica will not excuse him, and says, 'It is to be lamented his antagonist's sword did not prove surer in it's aim.'

Adieu, my beloved Seymour; after one more letter, you will console, in person,

Your own

S. Seymour.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The Intriguing Valet. A Comedy.

[Continued from p. 317.]

SCENE X.

Dorville, Tamarini, Lepine.

Tamarini. (Entering). Well, all goes well, very well indeed. *(To Lepine).* Have you been to the notary?

Lepine. No, Sir, I have been obliged to stay at home to answer patients. This gentleman is the third person who has applied since you have been gone.

Tamarini. (Perceiving Dorville. Pardon me, Sir.

Lepine. Well, I am going you know where.

Exit.

SCENE XI.

Dorville, Tamarini.

Dorville. Sir, I should wish that we might not be interrupted in our conversation.

Tamarini. There is no person here.

Dorville. For more precaution I must request that—*(goes to shut the door)*—I will shut it myself. I hope I may trust to your discretion.

Tamarini. You need not doubt it, persons of my profession ....

Dorville. I know you, Sir, by reputation; but do you, Sir, know me?

Tamarini. (Looking at him attentively.) I do not recollect.

Dorville. (Firmly). My name is Dorville.

Tamarini. Dorville! *(Starting).*

Dorville. What is the matter? You seem disturbed.

Tamarini. Oh! nothing;—but, pardon me, I had forgot—*(offers to go).*

Dorville. (Drawing a pistol from his pocket). If you stir ....

Tamarini. No, Sir; I am all attention.

Dorville. I loved Lucilla, and was beloved by her in return. Her mother-in-law had promised me her hand, and yet you have, as I may say, married her without my knowlege. You see that you have cruelly injured me. Do me the favor, I beg of you, to tell me in what manner you think I ought to take vengeance on you for this

treachery. The shortest, no doubt, would be to blow your brains out, poniard Lucilla, and set fire to the house. I must confess to you this is my opinion. But as I understand you are a person capable of giving excellent advice, I must request you to give me your opinion. It is with this view I am come to consult you.

Tamarini. My opinion, Sir! — An affair of this kind....

Dorville. Ought to be decided on the spot.

Tamarini. Permit me to tell you....

Dorville. Do not use many words; let us come to the fact.

Tamarini. Recollect, then, the danger....

Dorville. In which you are? That is your own fault.

Tamarini. No, the risk you run.

Dorville. That is my affair.

Tamarini. Besides, since the mischief is done....

Dorville. It ought to be punished.

Tamarini. But the consequences....

Dorville. My post chaise is waiting within a few steps. Come, will you determine?

Tamarini. On what?

Dorville. To fight.

Tamarini. No, Sir.

Dorville. In that case, tell me, I beg of you, how I ought to act?

Tamarini. Why, I think — I think — that moderation is the only....

Dorville. (With violence). No, Sir — say, rather, contempt. I despise Madam Dallin, who has forfeited her word; despise Lucilla, who has violated her oaths — As for you — *(rising hastily).*

Tamarini. (Trembling.) Sir....

Dorville. I cannot blame you for having taken advantage of the circumstance — So, on second consideration, I shall take my leave.

Tamarini. You are very right; you have determined like a sensible man.

Dorville. I must immediately rejoin my regiment, and I only came to bid you farewell.

Tamarini. O dear, Sir, you are too kind; it was quite unnecessary to give yourself so much trouble.

Dorville. Why, Mr. Tamarini, I hope we shall continue to be friends.

Tamarini. You do me too much honor: you may rely on my serving you to the utmost of my power, whenever I have an opportunity.

Dorville. I will then take you at your word. A cursed usurer requires fifty louis interest for two thousand crowns which I want. In despair at having lost Lucilla, and not being able to get away soon enough from the faithless jilt, for want of money, I had determined to kill you or die by your hand. Now, consider whether you will prevent this mischief by lending me the said sum.

Tamarini. Most willingly.

Dorville. I have property, I am known; I will give you my note of hand.

Tamarini. Oh, no, no; the word of a man of honor is quite sufficient. *(He opens a drawer and takes out four rouleaux).* There, Sir, there are two hundred louis.

Dorville. (Taking them). I am under a thousand obligations to you, Sir.

Tamarini. Oh, not at all; a trifle; a mere trifle.

Dorville. Farewell, my dear Mr. Tamarini; there shall be no animosity at least.

Tamarini. Why animosity? For

the pleasure you have procured me by enabling me to be of service to you!—Adieu, Sir, I wish you a good journey.

[*Exit Dorville.*

SCENE XII.

Tamarini alone.

Good journey to you, and the old nick go with you—I have, however, got off very cheap—What a mad fellow! He would make no scruple of killing a man—But, thank Heaven, I have got rid of him, and am now the undisturbed possessor of Lucilla.

SCENE XIII.

Tamarini, Lepine.

Tamarini. (Calling). Lepine!—Remember, I am at home to-day to nobody; I will dedicate this day to my own happiness.

Lepine. Sir, you will have enough to do.

[*Exit Tamarini.*

SCENE XIV.

Lepine alone.

By my faith, Lucilla has determined at last. Dorville is gone to procure a carriage; and this evening, at supper—What? How? Who is this?

SCENE XV.

Madam Tamarini, Lepine.

Madam Tamarini. Pray does not Mr. Tamarini live here?

Lepine. Yes, Madam.

Madam Tamarini. I am right then, at last, but I had trouble enough. Is he at home? Where is he? I wish to speak to him.

Lepine. (With an air of importance). Speak to him, Madam! That is impossible. He is about some business which he cannot leave.

Madam Tamarini. It is on a matter of consequence.

Lepine. No doubt for some consultation?

Madam Tamarini. O yes, such a consultation as he has not been accustomed to.

Lepine. It does not signify; it will be the same thing whether you speak to him or me.

Madam Tamarini. I must speak to him himself.

Lepine. Be satisfied; if it be any extraordinary malady, our remedy is not less extraordinary.

Madam Tamarini. Who was saying any thing about a malady, Mr. Impertinence?

Lepine. Oh, you are not ill? Perhaps you wish to become so? Well, our remedy will serve your turn.

Madam Tamarini. Will you have done?

Lepine. Why do you not explain yourself better? I cannot know what you wish without you tell me.

Madam Tamarini. Go and tell Mr. Tamarini that I wish to speak to him instantly. I insist on it.

Lepine. By what authority do you insist so peremptorily?

Madam Tamarini. By my own.

Lepine. And who are you, pray, who have so much authority?

Madam Tamarini. The mistress wherever he is the master.

Lepine. This is very fine, to be

sure; why you could say no more if you were his wife.

Madam Tamarini. That is precisely my reason for saying so.

Lepine. You his wife!—*(Laughs).* Oh, I understand what your complaint is—a slight giddiness in the head.

Madam Tamarini. Saucy fellow!

Lepine. Yes, I can see in your eyes the prognostic and diagnostic symptoms.

Madam Tamarini. (Giving him a box on the ear). Take that for your impudence.

Lepine. How! What the deuce! Is this all your respect for medicine. Why this is treason against the faculty.

Madam Tamarini. Go and complain to your master, and don't keep me waiting here.

Lepine. But, Madam, will you be so good as to explain without passion, or any act of violence, how it can be possible that you should be the wife of Mr. Tamarini.

Madam Tamarini. (Advancing). Do you still doubt it?

Lepine. (Stepping back). No, no, I am sensible of the force of your proofs.

Madam Tamarini. Here are others more convincing, *(Drawing from her pocket her contract of marriage).*

Lepine. (Looking at it). Will you permit me—Yes, parbleu, it is a contract of marriage!—What a fine discovery! How he will be confounded!

Madam Tamarini. His confusion will not satisfy my revenge. He is a rogue, to play me such a trick.

Lepine. What trick? Do you know all already?

Madam Tamarini. What trick? Why to leave me, after we have been fifteen years married.

Lepine. Is that all?

Madam Tamarini. What do you mean by all?

Lepine. Then you do not know the choicest part of the adventure?

Madam Tamarini. I do not understand you.

Lepine. The urgent business in which he is now so seriously engaged.

Madam Tamarini. What is that?

Lepine. A marriage.

Madam Tamarini. What! Can he think of marrying another?

Lepine. He is not thinking of it; it is done.

Madam Tamarini. Oh! the monster!

Lepine. At least it is begun; but, since you are come, it shall not be finished, we will take good care of that.

Madam Tamarini. I cannot restrain my indignation; where is he? I will tear his eyes out.

Lepine. Softly, softly, if you please, no noise, or all will be lost. You certainly do not come so far in search of your husband, merely for the pleasure of having him hanged, and that may happen, for what I know, if you are not cautious. But if you will leave it to me, I know how to break off his new marriage without any reference to law or lawyers; and then we will deliver him up to your discretion.

Madam Tamarini. And who may you be, that I should trust to your word?

Lepine. The confidential servant of the young bride whom your arrival will render the happiest of women. Besides, I only ask of you a little complaisant compliance with my directions.

Step into that closet, where you may hear every thing. The door of it opens upon the stair-case. I will be with you in a moment, and tell you what I would have you do — I hear some one coming — retire — I will follow you.

(She goes into the closet.

SCENE XVI.

Lepine, alone.

So, Mr. Tamarini, you are now fairly entrapped — But here he is — We will have a little diversion at his expence.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE

UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A TALE.

BY WYNDHAM FOOT JAMES.

[Concluded from p. 321.]

Lo! weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters newly tied.

FRANCIS' *Trans. of Horace.*

I SHALL pass over the solemnization of Elvina's nuptials in silence; suffice it to say, she was consummately wretched, nor could all the splendor with which she was surrounded, nor the diligent loquacity of her husband, illumine her fair countenance, or brighten it with one smile; deeply-shaded melancholy and profound grief had, apparently, taken their residence on her brow for ever. The public papers announced her marriage to the astonished and amazed Augustus: the intelligence inflicted the direst anguish on his mind, and had nearly subverted his reason; but he somewhat recovered by serious reflection. When his grief had a little subsided, he wrote to her as follows:

'My still beloved, though faithless Elvina,

'Ah! think what must be my sufferings — oh! too great for expression! — on reading in the papers your union with another — With another! — Can it be possible? Alas! it is too certain. Was the choice your own, Elvina? — oh! divine, heart-rending name! name, that is stamped indelibly on my soul — yes, to all eternity. How often have I rapturously anticipated the happy hour that would make you irrevocably mine! But this charm your perfidiousness has now dissolved. I shall never experience the bliss which is so beautifully delineated in the following lines of our great and immortal poet:

'O! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.'

'Yes, Elvina! once I thought this would have been my happiness; but, ah! how fallacious have my pleasing expectations proved! Why, most beauteous of your sex! did you asseverate that I alone should be possessed of your inestimable hand? Why did you give and receive vows of eternal, inviolable, and everlasting attach-

ment? Was it to triumph over my fondness, and ardent passion? It was, treacherous, inconstant woman! Yet still do I love thee, most ardently love thee! beyond all thought! all conception! all utterance! Could the vain glitter of wealth, the sound of an empty title—were it those syrens that bereft me of you? I thought your ingenuous and celestial mind superior to such vain and mercenary allurements: But woman is woman—weakness is, I believe, entailed upon the sex. Oh, Elvina! I could fill this paper with anathemas and reproaches; but my heart bleeds—Ah, misery! I wish you happy—yes, every happiness; but must ever regret, most poignantly regret, that you preferred another to myself. Elvina, would to heaven that I had never beheld you! or that your fair form had been consonant to the deceptions of your soul—then should I have been spared all this conflict, a conflict that will bring me to the dark mansions of the tomb. But I will not repine at a premature death—this aching heart will then be at rest, and all my sorrows will be no more! Oh, ever dear and much esteemed Elvina! let sometimes a tear of tender pity bedew your lovely cheek, on reflecting on the woes, dire beyond the weak efforts of my feeble pen to express, you have inflicted on a breast, which must love as long as it shall palpitate—shall exist. Indulge me by answering of this epistle—endeavour to justify and vindicate your unwarrantable conduct. If you do not write, I will agonise myself by coming to the castle. Adieu! adieu! farewell, beloved Elvina! Something whispers me that you are equally wretched—ah! are you so? I call to retrospection your every word—your every look—and think you incapable of such base duplicity. May you long be blest and happy, is the ardent prayer of the miserable, lost, despondent, wretched, and despairing

'AUGUSTUS.'

All letters that came to the castle were given to the steward, who delivered them to their respective owners. He was desired by Sir Lancelot to observe those which were sent to Lady Jarrett, and, if ever any arrived from Rumsey, to bring them to him. In consequence, the above was intercepted, and given to the baronet, who, after perusing, immediately suppressed it.

Two months passed in a miserable and melancholy uniformity, each day adding woe to the breasts of Elvina and Augustus. The desponding youth not hearing from her, resolved on once more seeing her; and, informing his amiable mother and sister that he was going to stay some time with an acquaintance, quitted Willowdale. He soon arrived at a small village near the castle, and took lodgings at an obscure inn. To prevent being recognised by any of his old friends in the neighbourhood, he accoutred himself in military habiliments. Frequently he strayed absorbed in pensive and solitary musing over the groves and vales of A*****. In conversing with the villagers, he heard that Lady Jarrett was often seen walking in the park, and by the sea-shore. One evening, as he was taking his usual excursion with an intention of entering the park, his steps and attention were arrested by beholding an ex-

tremely neat cottage, which, being nearly shaded by lofty trees, had before escaped his observation. He immediately walked toward the simple abode, and found it's inmate to be a decrepid old woman. By way of prelude, he inquired who resided at the castle? The aged matron answered his interrogation, and concluded by invoking heaven to bless it's beneficent and worthy mistress. 'Ah!' said she, 'her ladyship is an angel, and is not above coming to see us poor folk: it was but just now that she was here — Poor dear lady! she seems always mighty sad; but heaven, I hope, will not let her be afflicted with sorrow.'

Augustus was infinitely affected at hearing the old woman, and, presenting her with a small gratuity, walked pensively forward. The grand and resplendent luminary of day had wheeled his fiery car to the west, and was sinking beneath the horizon. He stood gazing at the awful splendor and coruscation of the declining orb, till it totally disappeared; at the sight of which, he mentally sighed — 'It was thus sunk my sun of happiness.'

Ere he reached the park gates,

> 'Still evening came on, and twilight grey
> Had in her sober livery all things clad;
> Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were sunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.'

The youth wandered over the castle demesnes, his soul, as it were, immersed in a chaos of agonising misery. After many eccentric ambulations, he arrived at a fine winding walk, thickly planted with shrubs, and down which he slowly paced; but, ere he had reached it's termination, through an aperture in the foliage he beheld the being whom he adored, and whom he wished to see. She was reclined on a white seat; her fine eyes were fixed on the silver horn of Cynthia, whose mild rays beamed on her pallid countenance. With tears fast descending over her fair cheek, she softly exclaimed: 'Ah! who so wretched as I am! not a friend to whom I can impart my sorrow; never again shall I see the gentle Marianne, nor her beloved relatives. I will often think of them, and will review those past happy days, days that are never to return! — Oh, Augustus! though I am another's, yet my heart will be ever thine.'

She here paused, and sat listening in melancholy despondence to the dulcet and mellifluous strains of Philomel, when she again resumed, by addressing the vocal songstress:

> 'Sweet bird! that kindly perching near,
> Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
> Not, like base wordlings, tutor'd to forego
> The melancholy haunts of woe,
> Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
> For surely thou hast known to prove,
> Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
> Else why so feelingly complain,
> And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?'

Augustus stood gazing at her, his soul alternately illumined and lacerated by pleasure and pain; pleasure, at hearing he was still beloved; and pain, that she was irrevocably lost to him. After collecting, in some small degree, his wandering thoughts, he assumed courage sufficient to emerge

into sight, and fell at her feet, saying: 'Forgive, oh! forgive me, dear, angelic Elvina! I came to ...,' he here ceased, for her ladyship, at beholding him, sunk inanimate in his arms. His tears and tender eloquence soon restored her. She gently reproved him for his temerity. An eclaircissement instantaneously succeeded. It requires a much more eloquent pen than mine to delineate their mutual conflict. 'Ah!' said Elvina, with tears issuing down her lovely face, 'grieve me not thus, Augustus—suffer me to depart—oh! were Sir Lancelot to find you here; you must indeed leave me.'

'Ah! cruel injunction,' returned the youth; 'but adored, beloved Elvina, ere we separate for ever, permit me one last embrace.' So saying, he folded her to his bosom—at which instant the baronet, who had been seeking his lady, advanced toward them, and, with an arrogant and vindictive air, said: 'Turn, insolent youth! think not that, after such audacity, you shall escape with impunity. I now demand satisfaction both for your present behaviour and futile letter.' Each drew his sword, and a desperate conflict commenced. Augustus had nearly disarmed the renowned veteran, when the shrieking Elvina, to prevent massacre, rushed between them. The sword of her husband pierced her breast, and she sunk to the ground, her azure veins pouring fast the streams of life. The frantic Augustus immediately dropped his weapon, and rushing to the lovely sufferer, raised her in his arms. She cast her sinking and dying eyes upon his pallid countenance, whilst a sweet, though languid smile played on her beauteous face, as she said—'Soon will all my sorrows be terminated—I feel the icy chill of death—alas! my sight grows dim—Are you my Augustus?'

'Ah! dear, suffering Elvina,' returned he, 'it is thy Augustus who now supports thee; the vile Jarrett is gone to the castle—oh! my angel! how pale thou lookest. Must insatiate, cruel death separate us? No! I will soon follow thee!'

'Nay, say not so, dear youth,' replied the almost-exhausted Elvina, 'live, live, and be happy. You may sometimes think of my fate—but do not let it grieve you—had I lived, my life would have been a splendid wretchedness.—I thank the Almighty, before whom I shall soon appear, that he has released me from ....' She faintly continued: 'I now do not see you—darkness surrounds me—I feel no pang but in leaving you, my Augustus. Adieu! farewell!' So saying, she gently sighed, and her immaculate spirit fled from it's clay-cold tenement, to realms of celestial and sempiternal day. Soon afterward, Sir Lancelot and his domestics, whom he had summoned, arrived at the melancholy spot. Augustus was absolutely insane: flying to his sword, ere he could be prevented, he plunged it in his bosom, and instantaneously expired. The inanimate bodies of the two lovers were conveyed to the castle, and an express was immediately sent to Willow-dale. But no language can describe the grief and distress of Mrs. Crofton and her daughter, when apprised of the sad catastrophe. A hearse, as soon as possible, was sent for Augustus. The day that it drew toward the house, the afflicted

mother of the departed youth was standing near the window—her weeping eyes caught sight of the sable train—it was too much for her, and she fell to rise no more! The sorrow of Marianne may be better felt than delineated—bereft of a beloved mother, whom she had ever loved with filial, and a brother with sisterly, affection.

Sir Lancelot regarded not the death of his lady. He soon became weary of the country, and hastened to the metropolis, where he again plunged into every licentious dissipation. Being particularly addicted to gaming, he considerably diminished his fortune; and one afternoon, losing some very large sums, much more than he was able to pay, he returned to his lodgings, and with a pistol put a period to his dissipated life.

The vessel in which Mr. Whatley's sons were embarked for their passage to Bengal, was driven by a tornado, against a rock, after which she immediately foundered, and all on board her found a watery grave.

The eldest young Whatley was a profligate young man; he soon reduced his parents to the greatest indigence. Mrs. Whatley, unable to sustain adversity with fortitude, grew more splenetic, morose, and invidious. Her daughters, to be emancipated from her petulance, married each an obscure mechanic.

The elegant and lovely Marianne Crofton was, about two years after the demise of her lamented friends, united to an accomplished and amiable young nobleman, with whom she lived extremely happy.

'They flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.'

Lidney, June 8.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

BY giving insertion, and thus preservation, to the enclosed little piece, in your valuable Miscellany, you will, I know, oblige several of your constant readers, and, I trust, contribute to the amusement of them all. I do not pretend that it is an original communication, but the publication in which (as I believe) it first appeared, many years ago, is now become very scarce.

Yours, &c.

Louisa H——n.'

Ipswich, June 10.

Miss-Led's Account of Herself and Offspring.

Fortune, who took very little care of any of her daughters, took none at all of me. When I was scarcely fourteen, I had contracted an intimate acquaintance with two sisters of infamous characters, called Vice and Folly. These baggages first artfully insinuated to me that what my mother might bestow on me was very precarious, therefore I should take care of myself. Then they paid me great compliments on my wit and beauty, which were not, at my age, to be concealed from the world, but to appear in it with

full lustre. These things, with the descriptions of balls, assemblies, theatres, operas, masquerades, &c. &c. quite turned my brain, and I betrayed an eager desire for the enjoyment of them, but showed a fear that I should not attain it. Immediately both the ladies said, I need have no apprehension of that; for that there was a very fine, rich, young gentleman at court, who had fallen in love with me, and would, on certain conditions, let me live in all the splendor of a duchess. I objected to the conditions; but they urged such reasons to prove that my objections were not regarded in this age, and introduced the gentleman, whose person I liked so well, that I at last consented to live with him as a mistress, and have had by him the issue which I shall describe. It may be necessary first to mention that the name of my gallant was Error.

Our eldest daughter was Miss-Begotten, a girl of great spirits and vivacity; but she had, at first, the unhappiness to be reproached because I and her father had complied with a particular custom. However, in process of time, she met with civiler treatment, and was received very kindly into the palaces of kings and emperors: nay, it has been through her influence, that kings and princes have had their being; and were we even to trace our own annals, we must confess her power has been great. But in no reign was she better received at court than in the amorous æra of Charles II. What an efficacy she had over that prince's heart some demi-royal coats of arms, which we frequently see on chariot doors, can sufficiently declare. She is now received among the great and noble with a regard equal to anybody. It is only among country wenches, or an odd sort of people called the virtuous, that it is esteemed a shame to bring into public a Miss-Begotten.

The next was her father's favorite, as she often occasioned the most fatal errors that could happen; errors greater than ruin in private families; errors which were the destruction of kingdoms, and the overthrow of empires. This lady, named Miss-Advice, proved a great politician, who, when she has any grand scheme to propose, gets to be retained by a very ignorant blundering minister. In either case she is introduced into the cabinet, the army, or the fleet, and executes her designs both at home and abroad. Should ill treaties be made, they are all made by Miss-Advice. Should forces be sent abroad at a wrong season, or not supported when sent, who is it owing to? — Miss-Advice. Should formidable fleets sail and resail to no purpose, must not Miss-Advice be the occasion of it? But I hope she has now no influence in the British councils, fleets, or armies; for if she has, we have no doubt some honest and bold men, who will call my daughter, and all her party of Miss-Advisers, to a strict account.

My third daughter was rather theologically than politically inclined, and has occasioned as warm controversies in religion, as her sister in the state. But what is very extraordinary every sect, or opinion, orthodox or heterodox, Jews, Turks, Infidels, and modern Atheists, instead of claiming her as of their party, uniformly disclaim her as not belonging to

them. The disputes to whom she really did belong, have occasioned bloody wars, tyrannical martyrdoms, and all the evils which ignorance, superstition, and false zeal could introduce. It will now be obvious that I mean Miss-Belief—To confess the truth the young lady is of no religion, yet she is in great reputation among our modern wits, because, in their eyes, she seems, like the fashionable beauties of some years past, more agreeable from the black spots which appear upon her.

Miss-Application, my fourth daughter, has had no inconsiderable share in governing the actions of human kind; and many immense sums have been lost, and many great geniuses spoiled, by her pretence to direct them. Can any director of public company, or supercargo from India say—'I do not know Miss-Application;'—or can 'Squire Dulman, when he attempts to be a wit? for the one would, perhaps, appear to more advantage on a mountebank's stage, and the other, certainly, as a country grazier. But she sometimes descends from the high scenes of life, and acts in city committees, select vestries, courts of assistants, and companies' feasts. With reverence be it spoken, I cannot but say she has a strong influence in the pulpit; so strong a one, that when I hear the words—'now to apply'—I am in as much pain as Mr. Prior was on the same occasion;—for too often would it have been much more proper to have said—'Now to Miss-Apply. The two only twins I had were Miss-Count and Miss-Reckon. They were so like each other that they could scarcely be distinguished. The former principally adapted herself to the business of the men, and the latter to that of the women—Miss-Count committed her rogueries designedly; the other through blunders. The former will often get unperceivedly at the elbow of a clerk of the Bank or any pay-office, to prompt him to count short. It has been said that she has prompted a minister of state to count the public money on a grid-iron, all that fell through being his own; but all that remained on the bars was his master's and the nation's. As many properties are ascribed to her as to Mab, the fairy. She makes fortune-hunters dream that they are to have such and such ladies; curates fat rectorships; rectors good deaneries; and deans noble bishopricks. Miss-Reckon occasions much trouble and disappointment among the female sex. Sometimes she discovers the shame of a maiden: at others flatters them with the expectation of a particular sweetheart, who is on the point of marriage to another. This is called reckoning chickens before they are hatched. In one thing she is very favorable to the sex; and that is in the account which she gives of their age.

Here must I mention an odd fantastical girl, the humor and air of whom you may see in all the public places; I mean Miss-Becoming, who, by some oddity in her dress and gait, quite disfigures a tolerable face, and distorts her limbs and shape into the most disagreeable form. This she says she does to be in the mode; therefore sometimes she hobbles, sometimes she lisps, sometimes she stammers; to-day she is a perfect French-woman, to-morrow half French and half English, and, perhaps, the next day, a downright slattern in a bed-gown. I

must confess I have misled many of my country-women to follow her airs, and from such fantasticalness only made them seem (my daughter) Miss-Becoming.

My other daughters, who are all misses, though somewhat antient, are too well known to give a description of;—as Miss-Trust, Miss-Time, Miss-Doubt, Miss-Deeds, &c. &c. who have all similar qualities to those already described.

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[*Continued from page 275.*]

AFTER the commencement of hostilities at Hoff, the French continued rapidly to advance. They gained the battle of Saalfeldt, at which Prince Louis was killed; and the battle of Saalfeldt drew after it those of Jena and Auerstadt, which decided the fate of the Prussian monarchy. The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October 1805, and the shattered remains of the Prussian army under Prince Hohenlohe, surrendered at Prenzlau on the 30th of the same month. Thus, in one single fortnight, an army of one hundred thousand men was almost totally annihilated. The fortresses of Magdeburg, Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau, soon fell into the hands of the enemy, some of them almost without resistance, and after the surrender of Glogau, though by no means a fortress of the first rank, all the others in Silesia soon followed, and, excepting two or three, in a still more shameful manner. The reflection made on this occasion by the author of the *Cursory View of Prussia*, to which we have before so often referred, appears to be judicious and well-founded. 'Bribery,' says he, 'has been generally assigned as the chief incitement to such treacherous conduct; and bribery, in truth, but of a very singular nature, it apparently was; for the secret cause, which I have heard alleged, was, that as the Governors and Commanders had not, for many years, regulated their accounts with government, they thought this a good opportunity of drawing a balance; otherwise, as the Silesians had expressed much energy and patriotism, had they been properly led on, Jerome would not have found his conquests so easy; but, as the higher ranks soon bowed to the rising sun, an early general submission was the consequence.

'As the King of Prussia,' observes the same writer, 'had refused the armistice offered him by Bonapartè, and thrown himself entirely under the protection of Alexander, the French went immediately in quest of the Russians, who were then assembled between the Narew and the Bug, waiting for reinforcements. This, Bonapartè was well informed of; for, having now the Polish Jews in his pay, who are a most cunning and indefatigable people, he could completely put his beloved system of *espionage* into practice. He, therefore, quickly crossed the Vistula and the Bug. Near Pultusk they soon met. They fought, and, according to their separate accounts, they were both conquered. It seems, however, probable, that victory would ulti-

mately have decidedly declared in favor of the Russians had Buxhövden done his duty; and, had not the commander in chief, Kaminskey, a decrepid hypochondriacal man, suddenly become so deranged in his mind, that a council of war was immediately called, at which all the general officers declared him mad, set aside his authority, and sent him forthwith to St. Petersburg. This occasioned a sort of interregnum in the army, as Buxhövden was the older officer, but Bennigsen the acting commander. This caused, even at such a critical moment, a disunion, and, of course, parties. Indeed they seem, as in such situations, is unfortunately too often the case, to have been somewhat jealous of each other's fame. Bonapartè was aware of what was doing in the opposite army; but, in despite of all his endeavours to benefit from the occasion, the unusual thaws had so totally ruined the roads, that it was impossible to transport his artillery more than three or four miles a day. This unexpected intervention favored both parties. In the mean time, Buxhövden was ordered away to the army in Wallachia, and Bennigsen appointed to be commander in chief.

As Bennigsen would not risque another battle until the expected reinforcement under Tolstoy should have joined him, he retreated until they met. Thus strengthened, he then advanced towards the enemy, and pressed so closely upon the French, that they were frequently brought to very sharp encounters. During this trifling warfare, Bennigsen received intelligence, confirmed by intercepted dispatches, that Bonapartè had formed a determined plan to make himself master of Königsberg, as the supposed centre of the allies' magazines; and to manœuvre their army from the sea coast into the marshy country about the river Aller. This induced Bennigsen immediately, to take another route, and hasten to Königsberg, by which unexpected turn he had nearly taken Bernadotte's division, which only by very forced marches escaped him.

Both armies at length arrived together in the neighbourhood of Prussian Eylau, and a general reconnoitring now began, and very active skirmishing took place between the outposts, previous to the important battle of the 8th. Bennigsen saw it approaching, and prepared himself accordingly. It dawned — and, on this memorable day, Bonapartè opened the scene by a firce attack upon all points. By his manifold daring manœuvres, and the rapidity of their execution, which is the known great force of his armies, he quite exhausted his whole military genius. He was every where — he exerted every power to win the day. To all this activity and amazing ability, Bennigsen had only the bravery and perseverance of his hardy troops to oppose; and he was fortunate enough to render all the endeavours and the artifices of his enemy ineffectual. The town of Eylau covered the front of the allies; yet, after a hard conflict, in which each party was twice foiled, the French at length became masters of it.

The allies fell back on their main body, which stood on an eminence behind the town. The fate of the day depended on

keeping this ground.—Bonapartè now formed his whole infantry into one large column, which he himself led on to storm this important point. Bennigsen foresaw the attack, and had reserved his whole force to repel it.—He had ordered sixty pieces of heavy artillery to be planted together, and totally masked by a large body of cavalry.—The enemy approach with impetuous step; Bennigsen forbids a single musket to be fired. At length, having his enemy within a hundred yards, he orders his cavalry to wheel off, and now began a most terrible grape and case-shot fire. The effect may easier be conceived than described; and what made it still more murderous was, that Bonapartè, according to his custom, kept continually pressing on the rear of this gigantic column. The head was, of course, forced to move forward, and therefore could not escape. As this, however, brought them nearer, the Russians were indulged with their favorite attack with the bayonet, and made a most dreadful slaughter. The right wing of the allies was not so fortunate; it was repulsed and flanked by a superior force, and a battery of artillery was ready to play upon it, while a large body of cavalry was advancing upon it's rear; which, at this very critical moment, the Prussian general, Lestock, only just then arrived, observing, he rushed immediately in with his whole force, bravely put the French to flight, and the Russians then rallying, the Prussians joined.

This was a most sad disappointment to Bonapartè, as he had already, in the night, sent off Ney and Davoust, with their corps, to flank the Russians on that wing, and cut off Lestock's division, which he knew to be then on it's march from Hussehen; but this gallant commander, by his singular dispatch, both rescued this part of the Russian army, and showed what Prussian soldiers are when properly led on.

The evening now approaching, both armies paused: nor did either seem eager to renew the contest; though here, as at Pultusk, both claimed the victory. Indeed, so sanguine are the friends of the allies, that they maintain, that if the battle had been renewed the next day, the French must have been totally routed; but against this assertion, there are some remarks to be offered.

The allies had been driven from their first advantageous position, which the enemy now possessed, and consequently remained masters of the field. This position on the eminence must necessarily have been first regained.

The French, it is true, had lost infinitely more men than the Russians; but, by the last two days' excess of fatigue, the Russian troops were so harassed, that they could not venture on such an attack; nor had they any fresh troops in reserve to undertake it; and, as Bennigsen is said to have begun to want ammunition, he seems, on this occasion, to have acted wiser, by retiring towards Königsberg; and, though the enemy, some days after, made a show of pursuing him, yet they soon returned, and went into quarters on the Passarge, extending themselves from thence over Osterode and Willenberg as far as Ostrolenka. Bennigsen observing this gave his troops repose, for the present, in the neighbourhood of Königsberg; and

thus both armies, for a while, suspended their hostilities.

'As soon as the roads were safe, my curiosity prompted me to visit this memorable scene of action. Most terribly indeed had the iron hand of war stamped it's baleful traces upon these unfortunate districts. Here the peaceful peasant, who reads no newspapers, nor knows even the name of Bonapartè, is scared from his quiet abode: both friend and foe seem to have united to make him feel, to it's full extent, his woeful lot.—The Russians, who were encamped to the extent of five or six miles about Königsberg, had, to make them fires in this cold weather, unroofed and broken up the huts of all the neighbouring villages.—Every kind of provision was swept away; and what made it's loss more mortifying was, that five times as much was wasted as was made proper use of. This naturally enraged all the peasants against the Russians, not considering that these poor soldiers themselves were half dying with hunger. Nor were those peasants near the French quarters more fortunate; for they also, without considering the wretched situation of those miserable people, took whatever they could find; and in passing Jessau, the rector of which place had fled to Königsberg, they employed his whole pious library to boil their kettles.—The rector's sister, confined by the rheumatism, could not escape: she lay in a little garret; some oatmeal, mixed with melted snow, was before her, and this, for eight days, had been her only sustenance. We gave her a small portion of our travelling stock, and joy and gratitude beamed through her tears. The nearer we came to Eylau, the fewer marks of devastation was found; and though there were no provisions to be had any where, yet we saw at least human faces; for the other villages we passed through were all deserted; nor had the houses been so much damaged, which gave us some relief, after the various scenes of misery we had gone through. In the totally desolated village of Kleinsausgarten we once more found the terrific picture of war; but misery, indigence, and distress, I first saw in their extreme at Eylau itself. Parents were there already so far reduced as to be forced to bury their literally starved babes in their gardens. Bread, meat, wine, brandy, salt, or tobacco, were no where to be found. Poor emaciated hollow-eyed spectres were crawling about the streets, covered with rags like the most pitiable beggars. To enter their houses, on account of the stench of dead bodies, was scarcely possible; and even my essence of vinegar was sufficient to defend me in their church.—I never should have believed without seeing it myself, that human nature could have borne such an excessive degree of misery. Bonapartè had cruelly given up the place to plunder; in short, every thing was ruined, destroyed, and laid waste; not a door, nor a window, nor a cupboard was remaining. This is, indeed, the less extraordinary, when we consider that the town had been twice in the possession both of the French and the Russians, and thus, twice were the streets streaming with blood. The combatants even followed each other into the very houses. From the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants, they were all robbed of every thing they possessed, and simple water, with a scanty pit-

tance of mouldy bread, was all they now had to keep life together. To form an idea of the situation of these miserable beings, one must have seen them, for words are not sufficient to describe their excess of wretchedness. Many died through fear, many from ill-treatment, and many were yet sick from the painful recollection of the past.

'Overpowered by such dreadful scenes of calamity, I deemed it even a relief to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. Howsoever mangled I there found many of my fellow-creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings; but the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were yet languishing on towards the more excruciating death of hunger. This certainly would have been their dismal lot, as the whole surrounding district was equally bereft of every mean of sustenance, had they not soon received from Königsberg the most desirable relief and refreshment, besides cloathing, linen, and every necessary article to repair and make their dwellings tolerably comfortable. Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous, unusual sight, which I hope never to see again, would have undoubtedly shocked me more than it now did: for after having my mind so deeply harrowed up with the late dreadful scenes, I must repeat that the sight of the field, frightful as it was, with from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewed before me, was yet a relief! — A slight snow had just fallen, my foot slipped, and, in sinking, my hand caught a ghastly human face! — Here were fragments of drums, carts, horses, saddles, cloaks, hats, harness, broken muskets, pistols, and other arms innumerable, all, in confusion, scattered about. Russians, French, and Prussians, here all lay together. It was in truth a woeful sight, but still they had all ended their miseries, whilst so many around them were yet trembling from the recollection of what had happened, from the vicinity of the combatants, and the apprehension of what might happen again.

'I returned home with my heart full of anguish at the scenes before me; and, like the good people of Eylau, full of anxiety for the future.'

We shall subjoin two or three anecdotes from the same work, illustrative of the character und mannerr of this sovereign and his amiable consort, and conclude with a summary statement of the loss of territory Prussia has sustained by the dismemberment of that kingdom dictated by the conqueror.

'The queen, as has been already observed, was endowed by nature with all the softness of her sex, and was therefore little disposed to interfere in the present turbulent scenes of the cabinet. Her greatest enjoyment was in those happy moments when she could indulge all the fondness of the mother, in that amiable family circle around her. Yet these moments of quiet and of domestic felicity she renounces, as soon as she thinks her lord, and every thing dear to her, in danger. She exerts every power to avert this danger; nor could the din of arms deter her. She accompanies him to the field; and, when the troops are quitting, on the portentous 13th of October, the camp at Weimar, she walks amongst the ranks, and, by her presence and animation, she attempts to inspire them with confidence and cou-

rage. — They march — the monarch, perhaps overcome with a foreboding of the result, prevails upon her to return to Berlin. — Scarcely had she reached the gates of the capital, before the unfortunate tidings from Auerstadt overtook her. Hastily she orders some little necessaries to be packed up, and then flies to Stettin. There, too, she soon finds no safe asylum, and therefore quickly hurries off to Königsberg. But, in her flight, her majesty meets with such insults and detentions, as are inconceivable: for the vulgar, on hearing of the French success, immediately again adopted their former foolish revolutionary ideas. At length she reached Königsberg, where the king met her. Here fortune seemed to mock her. Sixteen postillions, with sounding horns, (as is usual on such occasions) were sent to announce the complete victory at Pultusk. In a moment the whole city was giddy with joy, and the people assembled in crowds under the palace windows. The royal couple saluted them amidst the loudest shouts of "Long live the King! Long live the Queen!" The both seemed affected, and soon withdrew. All Königsberg once more celebrated a happy day; but this joy was of short duration.

'The French continued advancing; and the queen, though oppressed with a nervous fever, was obliged to be put into a travelling chaise, in the most dreadful weather, and hasten to Memel. Those who have not travelled this road at such a season can have no conception of it; yet to this inconvenience, I am sorry to add that, when her majesty was obliged to change horses, and wished to be removed for the moment into a warm room, the brutes who were already there, would not stir an inch to accommodate her; nay, in one place, a drunken peasant bellowed out, "O! you deserve this, and much more; for, if old Frederick had been alive, all this would not have happened." To these, and several similar indignities, she showed only that silent contempt they deserved.

'To her — who for many years had been the object of nearly adoration — to a mind so gentle and compassionate as hers, such insolence could not but be excessively grating: but she, like so many others in the world, must not be exempted from the contumely too frequently attending misfortune. The conduct, however, of both these royal sufferers is truly exemplary. They live at present at Memel, in all the retirement of private life, and in such apartments as the best private house in so small a place can be supposed to furnish. The queen attends to the little duties of her family, comforting herself with a satisfactory consciousness of the past, and her hopes of some favorable change. The king supports his situation with such magnanimity, as entitles him to our respect.

'Though this collectedness of mind is, by many, attributed to the want of feeling, yet, at the beginning of this prince's reign, I have somewhat accounted for the general reservedness of his appearance, and therefore do not believe it to arise from his natural disposition, as his real character is all diffidence and goodness; nay, his excess of delicacy not to offend, or give uneasiness to those under him, has, I am convinced, been the chief cause of his not dismis-

sing many of his commanders and governors, who have so basely betrayed their trust; and he is at present well aware of the vile influence the success of his conqueror has over too many of his subjects, who, from present appearances, would gladly eat of Bonaparte's bread, were not their conduct of too dubious a complexion for them to be trusted even by him. Yet, betrayed and abandoned as his Prussian majesty may be, we see no degrading submission on his part to this idol of the continent; and even still, when so near his grasp, he takes every opportunity to show his disdain toward the general usurper.

'Both the king and his royal consort, during their stay at Memel, have particularly shown their attachment toward the English, and even repeatedly spent a short time on board some of the vessels then laying there. On one of these occasions, a few previous arrangements had been made on board one of these ships; amongst others, that of covering the steps of the ladder by which they were to ascend; for which purpose the French colors were made use of. On passing over them, it struck the royal visitors, and his majesty immediately exclaimed to his amiable consort, with an expression which affected all present. "Would we were enabled thus ever to treat what we shall ever hold in contempt."

'The king is accustomed to take a daily walk entirely alone. In one of these solitary rambles, an old man came climbing up the ramparts with a bundle of sticks on his back, near the place where his majesty then was—"Why do you take this difficult way, when the regular road through the gate is so much easier?" asked the King.—"Because," answered the old man, "had I come through the gate, I must have paid an impost; and I am so poor I have not wherewithal to pay any thing." His Majesty made him a small present; and, immediately on his return home, ordered that the poor should be permitted to bring wood, for their own use, into the town, free of every tax.

Alexander, when, in April, at Memel, had promised to the King, that he would sooner risque his whole empire than listen to any accommodation with such an upstart usurper — Alexander, when, in June, at Tilsit, was so infatuated by Bonapartè's flattering assurances, that the ceremony of this amicable interview was soon adjusted on the famous raft on the Niemen; where, after one single private conversation of a few hours, the Emperor of all the Russias was still more completely conquered by Bonapartè's insinuating address, than his troops had before been by his manœuvres. Frederick William was now invited to partake of the armistice; but he flatly refused it. At length, however, as the proposals of an honorable peace was held out to him, his love for his subjects prevailed upon him to comply—yet still it was with reluctance that he went to Tilsit. Even after he had arrived there, and both Alexander and Bonapartè were waiting for him on the raft, he hesitated some time before he would enter the boat. Obliged, however, by circumstances, to suppress his natural feelings against the united treachery of both, he met them. The result then was, the preliminaries to the peace of Tilsit. Frederick William made some oppo-

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sition to the terms regarding himself: 'What have you to object to?' said Bonapartè, with an air of contempt: 'you, who are so entirely conquered, are not entitled even to an opinion.'—'Conquered!' exclaimed the justly offended monarch, 'I am not conquered—but I am betrayed by my supposed friends—I am abandoned by perfidious subjects.' Had a ball through Bonapartè's head followed this exclamation, it would, methinks, have been pardonable, at least it would have been a benefit to the world; but such an act of violence was inconsistent with the character of Frederick William. Even his spirited reply would have been enough to have ruined him entirely, had not Bonapartè been aware of the necessity of placing such a barrier between France and Austria as he now intended to make of what he should leave to Prussia; for his apparent generosity has always a motive towards his own safety and advantage.

Nothing can more illustrate this than the present peace of Tilsit, by which 'the Elector of Saxony, as another barrier, is to have all Polish Prussia, with the acknowleged title of King of Saxony; and, in addition to this and his other titles, that of Duke of Warsaw. A constitution is to establish the laws and liberties of the Polish nation. The frontiers of Russia towards Poland are hereby acknowleged and confirmed, by which a population of about two hundred thousand souls is to be joined to this empire. The countries of Hesse-Cassel, Brunswick, and all the possessions hitherto belonging to Prussia along the left side of the Elbe, including Magdeburg, are to form the kingdom of Westphalia, of which Jerome, Bonapartè's brother, is acknowleged sovereign. Dantzig, with a territory of eight English miles round, is declared a free Hanseatic city, under the protection of the Duke of Warsaw. Silesia, the whole of Old Prussia, and all the districts belonging to this kingdom down to the Elbe, are restored to Prussia. All the princes belonging to the confederation of the Rhine are acknowleged; as is also the disposition of all those territories which are, and may hereafter be, in the possession of Bonapartè.'

LONDON EVENING AND FULL DRESSES.

1. A LONG train dress of white crape, or muslin, spotted with silver; the sleeves puckered or laid in plaits, and confined with a silver band. Dress, that of jonquil-figured sarcenet, fastened with a band under the chin, and bow on the left side. Shoes of white spotted silk. Kid gloves.

2. White spotted sarcenet petticoat, trimmed round the bottom with French trimming; a short vest of pink crape, or muslin, made to wrap over from each side, and trimmed also with French trimming. Sleeves of rich joining lace. Hair dressed *à la Grec*, ornamented in front with a pink flower, fastened with silver. White kid shoes and gloves.

MARIA.

A TALE.

THE first rose of spring, which wantonly obtruded it's blushing beauties into the chamber-window of Maria, bloomed not with greater sweetness than did the cheek of the young cottager. Maria was the child of innocence and simplicity; her pure bosom never conceived a thought which could have raised a blush on the cheek of virtue: happiness sparkled in her soft azure eye, and the smile of contentment dimpled her coral lip. Such was Maria. Left an orphan in early infancy, the only friend she had in existence was her maternal grandfather, who daily lamented that his eyes, become dim with age, could no longer behold the growing graces of his beloved child; he could only press her to his aged breast, and weep to think that, when he was gone, Maria would be left destitute. Cruel fate! why didst thou bereave the good old man of the only blessing he had left? why didst thou doom the sweetest flower to perish on a barren soil?

A party of soldiers came to quarter in the village where Maria resided; their captain, Sir Edward T——, a young man of elegant appearance and fascinating manners, saw the blooming cottager. Her innocent loveliness first made an impression on his heart; but Sir Edward was a libertine; the honeyed poison of seduction flowed from his tongue, and deceit lay hid in his bosom. The possession of Maria occupied all his attention; and one morning he suddenly entered the cottage as she was preparing their mid-day repast. The sight of a stranger suffused her lovely countenance with a thousand blushes, which only added fuel to the flames which blazed in the bosom of Sir Edward. Apologising for his intrusion, he requested a draught of water, as the heat of the day had made him very thirsty. 'Go, my love,' said the unsuspecting old man to his grand-daughter, 'go, and get a jug of new milk and some fruit for the stranger.' Swift, as thought, Maria flew to execute his commands, and soon returned with the repast. Sir Edward seated himself, and chiefly addressed his words to the old cottager, while his looks were riveted on his blushing grandchild. Maria dared not look again; she sat with her eyes fixed on the ground; but the seducing eloquence of his tongue had made an impression on her guileless heart, never to be eradicated: she thought him not a man; to her he seemed perfection — Sweet maid, why wert thou so much deceived?

When Sir Edward arose to depart he slipped some money into the old man's hand, which he refused. Sir Edward left the cottage more enamoured than ever, and determined to seek another interview with Maria. He did so, obtained it, and another and another followed. Sir Edward triumphed! Maria loved, believed, and was undone! — The blush of shame suffused the cheek where the rose of health and innocence was wont to bloom so sweetly. The eye which had never wept, but in sympathy with the unfortunate, now shed the bitter tear of remorse, whilst a consciousness of her shame

bent it to the ground, fearful of meeting the penetrating gaze of her village friends. Too soon she found that all must be revealed that she bore within her — a pledge of her guilty love. Her grandfather complained that his child was not so lively as she used to be; that she was always singing some melancholy ditty, instead of the cheerful notes which used to delight his ears. Poor deceived old man! the cause of Maria's sorrow was obvious to all but thee; her increasing shape she vainly attempted to hide, but the villagers all loved and pitied Maria, and none of them were cruelly kind enough to break her grandfather's heart by a recital of their suspicions. As her time grew nigh her form wasted sensibly, a ravaging consumption had seised her frame, a victim to remorse, she was sinking fast into the grave. Her seducer, soon after his fatal triumph, left the village to join the rest of his regiment at a small town a few miles off. He had obtained his purpose, and the wretched victim of his libertine desires was almost forgotten. One day, however, as he was mounting his horse to take his daily ride, a sudden thought struck him that he would go to the village once more, and endeavour to see Maria. As he rode along every well-known scene reminded him of the bewitching maid. He saw her in fancy's eye, lovely and blooming as when he first appeared at the cottage of her parent. Then he reversed the picture — he saw her abandoned to shame and infamy; he thought, too, that he had been the cause of her departure from virtue. Remorse took possession of his breast, and he resolved to make the unfortunate maid every reparation in his power. Occupied in these reflections he entered the wood where he had first triumphed over the virtue of Maria. He dismounted and led his horse into the thickest part of it, when a low groan, as of some one in the agonies of death, met his ear. He moved towards the place. At a little distance from him lay the body of a female, with a new-born infant in her arms. Gracious Heaven! it was Maria, on the cold damp earth, without one friend to give assistance, in the hour and pain of danger. She had brought forth the offspring of guilt and shame. She knew Sir Edward. Though her eyes were dim with approaching death, she collected all her little strength; she held out to him her innocent babe, he caught it, her white arms dropped upon her bosom; and, with a faint sigh, her spirit fled for ever. — Hapless maid! thy sufferings surely expiated thy crime, and thy spotless soul reposes in the bosom of it's Saviour. With a heart rent by anguish Sir Edward hung over the body of his victim; he viewed those rayless eyes, which had once beamed on him love and tenderness; he viewed the livid lip and cheek, where the liveliest tints had once glowed so brightly, and the form which he had so admired clasped in the cold arms of death. It lay before him as a lesson, which warned him to reform, and exhorted him to penitence. The good old man, who had so unsuspectingly fostered the serpent that stung him, lived only to know the shame of his darling; the shock of her death broke his aged heart, and his remains were laid in the cold tomb of Maria. The penitent, Sir Edward, sold his commission, and retired into

the country with his child, which daily recalls to his mind, as he folded it in anguish to his bosom, the image of it's lovely and unfortunate mother, whose tale of woe is recorded by the simple rustic, as with the genuine tear of pity trickling down his sunburned cheek, he leads the child of sensibility to weep over the tomb of Maria.

F. I.

Exeter.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.

FRUGALITY is good if benevolence be joined to it. The first is leaving off superfluous expences, the last bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The first without the last brings covetuousness, the last without the first brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found.

Hospitality is good, if the poorer class are subjects of our bounty, else too near a superfluity.

Perhaps it may be thought degrading human nature to resemble it to an instrument producing certain sounds. But when we see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice box; the music of their whole lives does not come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of their sweetness) of notes on a *salt-box*. To what can we compare Clarinda, when she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her bargains, her misfortunes,but *a drum?* What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphic raptures, but an *Eolian harp?* And what is Amaryllis, who keeps a list of all the miscarriages and indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a trumpet?

The cure of melancholy may best be attempted in spring and autumn by travelling far from home, with agreeable company. By changing the scene, the mind will be presented with a continual succession of new objects, which will strike more forcibly on the senses than things familiar to them. The eye will be delighted with all the charms of variety in new prospects. The impulse of sounds, different from those before heard, will strike the ear; unusual odors will affect the smell; and the taste itself will also experience a change by the variety of aliments peculiar to each climate. From these new impressions thus made on the different senses, which are so many avenues or inlets to the brain and nerves, new ideas will arise as insensibly to engage the attention. By travelling, the universal benefits of air, exercise, and diet, will at once be most agreeably obtained —all which tend to strengthen the constitution, and to wear disagreeable impressions made on the body or mind, by introducing others of a contrary nature.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

HENRY AND SUSAN.

1.

YOUNG man, thy downcast looks betray
A heavy heart, what cause I pray?
Whence spring those sighs and seeming fears?
And who so frequent fall those tears?
Does man unfeeling and unkind
Destroy thy valued peace of mind?

2.

Or dost thou vainly wish for wealth?
It never will promote thy health;
For misers' cares and misers' gains
Bring fears, disquietudes, and pains;
I'd leave pomp, riches, and mankind,
For health of body, peace of mind.

3.

Do others' splendors prompt a sigh
To emulate their fame so high?
They 're empty shows, ill-founded joys,
And pride all inward peace destroys;
For me, all other joys combin'd,
I'd leave, to gain true peace of mind.

4.

With pity does your bosom glow
For some lost child of want and woe?
Does some poor orphan in distress
Call forth the tears you can't suppress?
Does this, thy grief for human kind,
Destroy thy precious peace of mind?

5.

Has love with his ill-fated dart
So deeply wounded thy fond heart,
And then deserted thee to fly,
And left thee here alone to die,
A dupe to faithless womankind,
Destroying all thy peace of mind?

6.

Ah, me! I love, and love too true,
The cruel, unrelenting Sue!
The pride of all the neighb'ring swains,
The pride of all on yonder plains;
'Tis she, with words the most unkind,
Who thus destroys my peace of mind.

7.

But will no other maiden do?
No other than the cruel Sue?
Does all thy fond affection rest
On her who owns an icy breast?
And canst thou not another find
Who will restore thy peace of mind?

8.

Ah, no! I never more shall rest
Unless with Susan I am blest;
'Tis her alone I can admire,
'Tis her alone I do require,
And, O! if she would be but kind,
'Twould soon restore my peace of mind.

9.

But why, if Susan can't approve,
Dost thou still cherish all thy love?
Say, canst thou not yield up in part,
The tender feelings of thy heart?
Forget the maiden so unkind,
Who proudly breaks thy peace of mind?

10.

No, never, never shall I cease
To cherish love — ne'er find release;
No, never, while her form doth live,
Shall I forbear to love and grieve;
And should she always prove unkind,
Farewell for ever peace of mind!

11.

And what if she should e'er approve,
Would'st thou be constant in thy love?
Content with her, and her alone,
Would joy and peace be then thy own?
Were other pleasures all resign'd,
Could'st thou be happy in thy mind?

12.

Could I be happy! ask me not;
The answer 's plain —
' The answer 's what?'
That could I be with Susan blest
My heart for ever then would rest;
Tho' all the world should prove unkind,
I then should boast pure peace of mind!

13.

I 'd spurn, with hate, all pomp and pride,
And wealth and honors too beside;
I 'd look with pity on the great,
And bless our little happy state;
The lovely maid my fate would bind,
And bliss would crown my peace of mind!

14.

Begone the mask! — behold thy Sue!
Who lives for Henry, loves him true;
Forgive the cause of all thy fears,
And sighs, disquietudes, and tears;
And, oh! forget the words unkind
Which have disturb'd thy peace of mind.

15.

Forget! forgive! ah, Susan! see
The tears of joy I shed with thee;
Think, think no more of what is past,
Thou 'st crown'd my happiness at last!
O, happy hour! with love so kind,
We 'll both enjoy sweet peace of mind!

C. T.

July 10, 1809.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE

NIGHTINGALE.

HAIL! sweetest soother of my pensive hours!
Hail! lovely bird, with all thy pleasing pow'rs!
Thy notes delight and raise my soul to joy
Beyond the pow'r of envy to destroy,
Tho' sad reflection lengthens out the day,
Tedious as night that heavy rolls away;
And justly claims the tributary tear,
For one, alas! no more! but once most dear.
Without thy aid lost love, with all it's care,
Would sometimes lead me into deep despair:
But rous'd by thee, oh! soul-reviving bird,
With notes so charming, notes that must be heard,
I raptur'd listen, wonder, and admire,
And, taught by thee, attune thy humble lyre.
With what sweet music swells thy little throat,
What resignation seems to grace each note;
Surely, sweet bird! by heav'n thou 'rt sent below,
To teach submission under earthly woe;
To heal my troubled soul, and soothe my breast,
To calm my sorrows, and to give me rest.
O, may I learn the lesson thou hast giv'n,
To be resign'd, and fit myself for heav'n!

C. T.

July 10, 1809.

THE FAREWELL.

HOW my tongue falter'd as I bade farewell,
When fate ordain'd me from her arms to part!
Sure to the word is giv'n a magic spell,
That rules our sorrows, and subdues the heart.

I grasp'd her hand — I snatch'd her to my breast,
And still in fetters hold the struggling sigh;
Thrice on her lips the parting kiss I press'd,
And the big tear ne'er trembled in mine eye.
But when the word, farewell! I strove to speak,
What woe resistless, and what pangs severe
Rag'd in my bosom? while the scalding tear
Of mental agony bedew'd my cheek;
In vain the weakness of my mind I curs'd,
The man, alas! was fled — and Sorrow's springs were burst.

H. T.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN VAINLY ATTEMPTING TO WRITE POETRY.

LONG have I view'd thee with an eye of pity,
Fretting and stewing o'er thy dismal ditty,
Teasing thy mind with doubt, thy head with scratching,
While the dull thought and sluggish rhymes are hatching.

Say, canst thou hope such labor'd strains as these,
While *genuine* taste presides can ever please?
Has Fancy whisper'd such a thing can be?
Oh! trust me, verse can *never* flow from thee;
Can *never* flourish in a pate like thine,
That takes a *morning* to produce — *One line!*
Then calm thy rage, and let not truth offend,
But heed for once the counsel of a friend;
No longer *paddle* in the Muses' fount,
Nor *idly strive* Parnassian heights to mount,
But cease thy useless warmth, thy efforts cease,
And let thy *tortur'd brains* repose in peace.

W. C--E.

THE WANDERER'S FATE.

THE rain in torrents pelted fast,
In hollow gusts loud moan'd the blast,
When Emma, hapless child of grief,
Beneath an oak-tree, worn with age,
Sought from the tempest's bitter rage,
A shelter that might yield relief.

Sad victim she of guilty love,
Doom'd now each harrowing thought to 'prove,
No hut that she could call a home;
Her father drove her from his door,
While she, deserted, friendless, poor,
With bleeding heart was forc'd to roam.

Now the weak wand'rer pour'd her pray'r
In trembling accents of despair,
'Oh! heav'nly Sire! forgive my crime!
Shed all thy storms on this poor breast,
But when my cares and life shall rest,
Grant my sad soul a happier clime!'

Loud now the thunder swell'd the gale,
The pray's of penitence prevail,
Poor Emma's fault was sure forgiv'n!
A forked flash soon rent the tree,
And set the Wand'rer's spirit free,
To seek a sweet repose in Heav'n.

J. M. L.

May 5, 1809.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. R—W, ON HER LEAVING BOURN.

THE fatal hour is come at last,
Adieu! my love, adieu!
How will my wretched life be pass'd
Far exil'd from thy view! —
My heart will droop in endless pain,
No joys my eyes will see,
But thou — who knows if e'er again,
Thou wilt remember me.

How many round the new-sought home
The beauteous stranger greet?
What crowds of youthful lovers come,
And offer at thy feet!

Oh! mid the suppliant courtly throng,
That sigh and bend the knee;
Oh! who can tell, dear Maid! how long
Thou wilt remember me?

Think of the keen delicious dart
Thou leav'st within my breast!
Think that I long have given my heart,
Nor made one poor request.
Think what I feel of dark despair,
Thus parting, love! from thee;
Remember—ah! who knows if e'er
Thou wilt remember me!

I. M. B.

Bourn, Lincolnshire,
May 14, 1809.

THE SOLITARY WALK.

1.

ALONG yon dark wood's-side oft let me stray,
And silently contemplate nature's charms,
When smiling dawn invites, or evening grey,
With scented galls the glowing landscape warms.

2.

Where, gliding smoothly clear, yon chrystal stream
Through groves of waving azures winds along,
Oft let me view the sun's departing beam,
Oft let me hear the Blackbird's evening song.

3.

Sweet consolation to the woe-fraught mind,
That groans beneath a load of baleful grief,
Each sorrows lull'd asleep, and unconfin'd,
The soul experiences a bless'd relief.

JOHN OSBORNE.

A SONG.

1.

NO more shall fair deluding hope
Within my throbbing bosom live,
No more shall fancy's tow'ring scope
Invite to bliss she cannot give.

2.

How oft through Pleasure's fairy land,
As youthful instinct bade me rove,
With you I 've wander'd hand in hand
To find the seat of genuine love.

3.

But, vain my search, how few there are
Attains this wish'd-for haunt of truth,
Which proves too often but a snare
For heedless inexperienced youth.

4.

This fleeting dream did I pursue,
And all it's flattery believ'd,
But still the vision mock'd my view,
And prov'd how much I was deceiv'd.

JOHN OSBORNE.

Woolwich,
July 20, 1809.

A REBUS.

WHAT oft torments the anxious lovers' breast,
And robs as oft the doubting maid of rest.
What women promise, when in wedlock join'd,
A sordid passion, that deforms the mind.
A bird, that does each list'ning ear delight,
Whilst sweetly warbling 'midst the gloom of night;
Two ninths of him, who, as old poets say,
Of his own shade enamour'd pin'd away.
If these initials are connected right,
They 'll form her name who did this Rebus write.

July 10, 1809.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Real Carolina, June 16.

THE French have abandoned their positions, and appeared to take the direction of Toledo; we follow in pursuit in order to frustrate their design. — Our chosen army consists as follows: —

Infantry	18,920
Cavalry	3,085
Pieces of artillery . .	20
Howitzers	6
Companies of pioneers .	5

They march in four divisions, the left, right, centre, reserve, and rear guard, commanded by those experienced soldiers, Giron, Bigodet, Castejom, and Grimerest, who, without doubt, will fulfil the plans they have arranged.

The division of Don T. de Zarian, stationed at Almaden, Agudo, Chelon, and Nerrera, is very near our left, and appears to be in the vicinity of that of Bascourt, which is at Puebla de Alesier. The French army of Estremadura is retreating to Orepesa, probably with a view of joining those at Toledo.

Chaves, June 23. Advice has been received that Ney has retired with the troops which he commands, taking the road for Castile.

Seville. Couriers and dispatches of the French are continually intercepted in the provinces of Castille, Estremadura, and Mancha. The letters of Victor sufficiently show the sickness which prevails in his army. This marshal writes to Joseph that he knows nothing of Ney, nor of Soult; that he asked Kellerman for troops, who had answered that he had but few infantry, and that the cavalry he had were necessary to cover the high road to France. Joseph had ordered Victor to endure every inconvenience till he could form a junction with Ney, and above all not to attempt to suffer his communication with Madrid to be intercepted, but at any rate to endeavour to cover that city.

Petersburgh, July 5. According to intelligence received here yesterday, an English squadron has appeared between Hochland and Cronstadt, in presence of the Russian fleet. A naval engagement is expected. The foreign merchantmen in Cronstadt have received notice that they may sail when they please, but at their own risk.

Our court gazette contains what follows: —

'Austria has asserted in her proclamations, that France looks in vain for assistance from her allies. If this observation should be applied to Russia, it will be a sufficient refutation to state, that on the 4th of June the head-quarters of the Russian army were at Lublin.'

Rome, July 10. The Journal of the Capitol contains a variety of decrees of the new government. One of these abolishes the tribunal of the inquisition, and all the establishments attached to it. The archives and papers belonging to these several jurisdictions are put under seal, and consigned to the depot of the archives, an inventory of them being made.

By another decree, a great number of especial tribunals are also abolished, as

well as every temporal jurisdiction hitherto possessed by the clergy, secular or regular. All clerical privileges are annulled.

The right of asylum rests no longer; in consequence, the authors or accomplices of crimes will no longer be sheltered from the vengeance of the law.

A new establishment is made of justices of the peace, &c. all of whom are nominated by the emperor.

By a third decree a committee is appointed for the preservation of all the antient and modern monuments of Rome, and the Roman States. This committee is particularly charged to take precautions for preserving the cupola of St. Peter from lightning; and the paintings of Raphael, which are on the *loggi* of the vatican, from injuries arising from the air. This committee consists of Martorelli, director of the imperial archives; Marini, director of the library of the vatican; Canova and Camuccini.

Badajos, July 11. The English headquarters are at Corea, and their advanced guard at Plasentia; General Wellesley has promised that by the 10th inst. he would be in front of our army on the right bank of the Tagus. On the 5th the English arrived at Plasentia, and on the same day the French burned the town of Calera, and afterwards retired to Talavera de la Reyna.

On the 7th inst. the English were preparing to pass the Tietar.

Vienna, July 12. The archbishop of this place has addressed a mandate to the clergy and inhabitants of his diocese, exhorting those who fled into the woods to return to their habitations, and threatening those of the clergy who should fail to comply with the loss of their cures, &c.

July 13. The news of the armistice has spread inexpressible joy here. It is reported that the emperor is on the point of proceeding to Paris.

By virtue of the armistice, the French troops have occupied Presburg.

July 15. Yesterday afternoon Prince John of Lichtenstein, who has been very graciously received in his audience by Napoleon, arrived here, to negotiate the peace with the Minister of State, Count Champagny. The Emperor Francis, as is generally asserted here, is much in favor of peace, and charged the archduke in writing to open negotiations for it, even with considerable sacrifices, in order to put an end to the dreadful effusion of blood. Previous to the signing of the armistice, some chief points had been agreed upon, which are to form the basis of the peace about to be made.

Corunna, July 16. On the 13th entered this harbour from Gijon, the English frigate the Amazon, Capt. Parker. On board was Lieut.-Col. Carrol, who last year arrived here with Field Marshal Doyle, bringing with them 300 Spanish prisoners. This frigate brings from 4 to 5000 muskets, 1,500,000 cartridges, and more than 37,000 flints, besides 6000 muskets distributed in the Asturias.

Yesterday Captain Hotham, of the Defiance, gave a splendid entertainment on board his vessel to the Marquis de Romana, Colonel Norona, &c. Nineteen discharges, by way of salute, took place on the arrival and departure of the guests. The health of their Majesties George III. and Ferdinand VII. were severally drunk with enthusiasm, with every demonstration of reciprocal regard between the two nations.

Paris, July 16. On the 18th June the third corps of the army of Spain gained a fresh victory over that of the insurgents in Arragon. The Spanish Gen. Blake, defeated on the 15th at Santa Fe, near Saragossa, retreated on the 16th and 17th to Belchill, and entrenched himself with 18,000 men; Gen. Souchet followed him in his retreat, came up with him on the 18th, he manœuvred so as to outflank the enemy's line, and our artillery in a short time threw them into the greatest disorder. The caisons having blown up, the whole line dispersed and took to flight. Blake wished to attempt a charge with his cavalry, but the 4th regiment of hussars having come up, stopped it, and drove it near to Belchill. The Spanish insurgents has lost in their route all the remains of their artillery, almost all their muskets, and a considerable quantity of ammunition; a great number has been killed, and many prisoners been made. Gen. Souchet followed the wreck of the defeated army on the route for Alcaniz, where he arrived on the 19th. We expect the details of this affair.

Vienna, July 16. The hope of peace increases daily. Persons who are well informed have no longer any doubts, and say that the principal conditions are agreed upon.

In the midst of the negotiations for peace, we remark, on the part of the French, many measures of precaution and defence. The fortifications which

were begun here are diligently prosecuted, and extensive works are formed between the bridges and towards the principal bridge.

July 18. Yesterday and early this day the Prince of Lichtenstein was with the Emperor at Schoenbrunn. The negotiation for peace is near it's conclusion. It is reported that an Austrian army will march towards the Turkish frontiers to co-operate with the Russians.

July 19 In spite of the hopes which the armistice has given us of a speedy peace, we remark that the French are adopting defensive measures, and making considerable preparations—the works of the redoubts which had been begun are continued, and others are begun between the bridges which are near the principal bridge. New batteries are placed, and similar dispositions been made near Simmering.

It is said that the Archduke Charles will soon pay a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Schoenbrunn.

The report that the peace had already been signed is premature.

Prince John of Lichtenstein, who dined last Saturday with the Emperor Napoleon at Schoenbrunn, and afterwards went to the Emperor Francis, has this day returned to Schoenbrunn.

Marshal Durock negotiates on the part of the French, and the conclusion of a treaty of peace is speedily expected.

Lisbon, July 17. Seville papers have been received to the 7th inst. which state, that Lieut.-Gen. Venegas made a report to the central junta, dated the 1st inst., informing the junta of a glorious action which took place in the night between the 28th and 29th of last month, and in which he routed five French regiments of foot, two of horse, two of chasseurs, and one of uhlans, with the loss of 114 slain and many wounded, according to the report of deserters.

Augsburgh, July 22. Couriers and travellers who left Vienna last Wednesday, state, that the post-masters on the road to Brannau have had orders to keep relays of horses ready, and that the Prince of Lichtenstein has returned again to Schoenbrunn. The publication of peace is expected at Vienna every hour.

Gijon, July 23. General Ballasteros has returned from Corunna, where he went to visit his Excellency the Marquis de Romana. He will proceed immediately with 11,000 brave Asturians to join the marquis in Castile. This division of Ballasteros is remarkably fine, in high discipline, well clothed and armed, as is the Asturian army in general.

Gen. Mahi, accompanied by Col. Carrol, the British commissioned officer to the army of the left, arrived in Asturias some days since. The junta appear now determined to omit no exertion to place the Asturian army in a formidable state, and equip them for immediate service, in conjunction with other armies.

From intercepted letters it appears, that Soult's division were in the greatest want of every necessary, and that they mutinied and refused to fight in Gallicia, unless their arrears of pay were given to them.

Romana's army, consisting of 20,000 armed men, with 27 pieces of artillery, has already commenced it's march for Castille: the vanguard, under Gen. Mandizabal, is now at Villafranca, and will, in a day or two, be at Astorga, the walls of which town have been mutilated by the retreating enemy.

Ystadt, July 25. We have this moment learned that a British squadron has made an attack upon Archangel, and succeeded in destroying the magazines and storehouses.

St. Polten, July 30. On the 22d, the Emperor of Austria removed from Ofen to Comorn, in order to be nigh the scene of the negotiations. With respect to the state of the negotiations, still less transpires on the Austrian than on the French side. It has been remarked, however, ten days ago, that, in the discussion of points of great importance, obstacles had arisen, in consequence of which the Austrian negotiators, instead of remaining at Vienna, proceeded to Comorn, and the archdukes were summoned to the same place by the Emperor Francis. On the 24th, it was doubted there whether an agreement as to the preliminaries could be brought about, as great sacrifices were known to be required of Austria, and those sacrifices were of such a nature that his majesty thought fit to call together the princes of his house, in order to confer with them in this critical moment before he should come to a decision. Meanwhile it is said, that the Emperor and the princes are unanimous in their sentiments; and it is added, that since their deliberations took place, the negotiators on both sides have made reciprocal approximations.

HOME NEWS.

Deal, July 22.

Nine, Evening. THERE are now between six and seven hundred vessels of various descriptions in the Downs, apparently waiting only for a fair wind to bring round the fleet remaining at Spithead, before they proceed on their destination. Yesterday the Kangaro, with thirty-six sail of transports, arrived from Portsmouth. These were the worst sailers, and were consequently dispatched first. They contained about eight hundred men, and as many horses, some of the transports being intended for the reception of the second division of the light brigade of the King's German Legion, the only species of force that remains here unembarked. Lord and Lady Castlereagh visited the fleet on Wednesday, and were received by several of the ships of war under a salute. His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence also paid them a visit yesterday. He dined with his old friend Admiral Sir R. Keates, on board the Superb, upon which occasion a Royal Salute was fired; and the Royal Flag hoisted. Sir R. Strachan's Flag is flying on board the Venerable, in which ship the Commander in Chief, and Sir Home Popham, will take their passage.

Preparations are made by every ship of the line to land from one hundred to one hundred and eighty marines and sailors, so that the whole force to act on this occasion may be estimated at nothing short of fifty thousand men; an armament from which, notwithstanding the gloom which the late intelligence from Germany has spread over us, England has every reason to hope a brilliant and glorious exertion. The ships here have not, as at Portsmouth, taken out their lower deck guns, which, with some other reasons, has induced a report, that they are not in the first instance to act together. — To-morrow, if the weather permits, it is thought that this grand Expedition will be under weigh.

London, July 26. Yesterday night a shocking accident happened to Miss S. Beville, at her mother's house, at Winfred-green, near Colnbrook. Miss Beville had entertained a party of friends in the evening; and after they had retired, a violent shriek was heard on the floor. On one of the servants going up, it was discovered that the unfortunate Miss Beville was locked in a closet, which was apparently on fire. The door was immediately forced open, and the young lady was found senseless, and burned so dreadfully that she survived only two hours. The deceased was twenty-five years of age, and on the point of marriage to a gentleman in Sloane-Street.

Deal, July 27. The second division of the expedition, nearly one hundred sail, got clear of the Downs through the Gulls this morning; another division will probably sail this evening, and continue in regular succession every tide till the whole are off — the remainder of the German light infantry were embarked this morning on board the ships which came in last night from Portsmouth. More cavalry embarked this morning.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Seven o'Clock, A.M. The men of war, with the troops on board from the Westward, having arrived in the Downs in the course of last evening and during

the night, the first division of the grand armament, consisting of between 2 and 300sail, are now getting under weigh with a favorable breeze from the S. W.—The other divisions will sail in succession. The first destination of this immense flotilla is the island of Walcheren.

Twelve o'clock, noon.—The men of war and transports having on board the troops composing the first division are now entirely out of sight, with a fine and favorable breeze. God send them a propitious voyage. The second division will sail this afternoon, and the third and last to-morrow, as soon as the tide serves. At the instant I am closing my letter the second battalion of the 95th rifle corps is just arrived from Dover, and our boats are now lying close in shore, ready to receive them.

Ramsgate, July 28. About 200 sail of ships passed by here this morning, supposed to be the first division of the expedition from the Downs. Nine other ships are come in for horse, and the embarkation will be effected, and will sail to-morrow.

Harwich, July 28. The frigate (said to be Euryalus) appointed convey for that part of the expedition which has been collecting at this port, is now at anchor off the harbour. The transports (31 in number) with the troops, have dropped lower down, and it is understood that they are all to sail to-morrow morning.

Deal, July 30. The last division of the expedition sailed from the Downs this morning with a fine and favorable breeze. A variety of reports were prevalent here yesterday with respect to the operations of the first and second divisions on the other side. A cutter arrived from off Flushing, on the authority of which it is rumored that the island of Walcheren is in possession of the English, having surrendered without resistance—another, that there are a great number of troops in that island, and that the possession of it will be pretty warmly contested for. A Dutchman, who came over in the cutter, states the English will be received in the most friendly manner, that the whole of the crews have deserted the enemy's fleet and run away to Antwerp, on the appearance of the British ships.

July 31. The following accident lately happened at Wallinham, near Lewis: The Rev. Mr. L———, who had been chaplain in the family upwards of seventeen years, being in his bed-chamber with the two sons of a nobleman (to whom he was also tutor) and a loaded pistol lying on a chest of drawers, it was supposed the youngest, a lad about nine years of age, took up the pistol to look at, when it unfortunately went off, and shot Mr. L——— in the head: the report brought up the servants, who found the unhappy gentleman quite dead, and his brains scattered on the floor. The young gentleman being interrogated by the coroner, strongly insisted that the pistol went off as it lay on the drawers, without being touched, at which time Mr. L. was on the opposite side of the bed.

Aug. 2. At Boston, on Thursday night, the 27th ult. was experienced one of the most alarming tempests ever remembered there. It began at half past eight o'clock, and was not over till nearly eleven. During great part of that interval the rain descended in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were of the most awful kind. About ten o'clock, four houses in the town, three of them adjoining each other, were struck by fire-balls: a window of one of the houses was driven in, the bed-clothes were torn from off a bed, and a cat was killed. The other houses were injured by the elementary phenomena, but not materially; and we are happy to say that no human beings lost their lives.—At Kirton, three miles from Boston, a widow woman named Werrington, had a mare and a foal, valued at 60*l.* killed by the lightning; and a small house on the bank of the Forty-foot Navigation was destroyed by the same cause. The fall of rain was so rapid and considerable, that for some time the great space of Boston market-place was completely deluged, and with small boats might almost have been navigated.

During the thunder-storm on Wednesday se'ennight, in the evening, a mill at Grundisburgh, near Ipswich, was considerably damaged. The electric fluid first struck the highest sail, which it shattered to pieces; it then proceeded by interrupted conducting substances to the upper story of the mill, where the axle-tree was split, and other damage done. The fluid then came in contact with the long side-bolt, which served for a perfect conductor through the first floor, where nothing was in the least degree injured, but at the lower end of the bolt beneath the body of the mill, where the fluid was again interrupted by non-conductors, it showed it's powers by driving the

timber, and totally demolishing one of the piers, scattering the bricks in every direction.—A fire-ball fell upon the house of Mr. Hyam, of Ramsden Heath, Essex, which forced it's way through the roof to the lower departments, where it destroyed a set of china, &c. A ball of fire likewise struck the spire of the church of Great Waltham, entered the roof, and descended down the tower to the singing-pew, and did considerable injury in it's progress. Mr. Chepchin, of Shonks Mill, Essex, experienced very disastrous consequences: a cow, in the wildness of her anxiety for the safety of her calf, which had strayed some distance, rushed into the mill-stream, and was followed by sixteen bullocks. The rain falling in torrents, the banks were soon overflowed so considerably, that all efforts to rescue them from their situation became fruitless, and the whole were drowned.

Aug. 4. On Wednesday, her Majesty, the Duke of Cambridge, Princesses Augusta, Sophia, Elizabeth, and Mary, accompanied by Ladies Ilchester, Thynne, and Cumberland, (all the Ladies in waiting), Count Munster, Generals Cartwright and Fitzroy, and Colonels Taylor and Desbrowe, went to Maidenhead-bridge, where they alighted, and went on board six boats, prepared and ornamented under the management of Mr. Carter, of Eton, and rowed up to Clifton, the seat of Lady Orkney, where they disembarked, and were received by Lady Orkney, and a great number of Nobility and Gentry of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were invited, who congratulated them on their Royal visit. The shores on both sides the Thames were crowded by thousands of the most respectable company, who saluted the Royal party as they passed, whilst the band of the Stafford played 'God save the King,' and different martial airs. The Duke of Cambridge was coxswin to the Princesses' boat, and Colonel Desbrowe to the Queen's, and steered to and and from Clifton. The barges on the river were stopped during the time the Royal party was on the water, to prevent any accident. The Royal party walked in the pleasure-grounds a considerable time, and at four o'clock sat down to a very elegant dinner. At six o'clock her Majesty and Princesses re-embarked, and landed at Maidenhead bridge, where the Royal carriages waited to receive them, and arrived at the palace at eight o'clock.

A very grand and solemn dirge was performed, yesterday, at the Royal Chapel of Portugal, for those persons who were atrociously murdered by the French at Oporto, and elsewhere, in Portugal. The altar was hung with black velvet, and the chapel with sable throughout. A sermon, suitable to the occasion, was preached by the Rev. A. Smith, from the text,

'It is better to *die*, than see the calamities of this people.'—Judas Macchabeus.

The *Requiem* consisted of a selection from the celebrated Mozort, and was performed by Messrs. Lanza, Fitzsimmons, Evans, Vaughan, Beale, and Novello, and Master Biggins. Mr. Fitzsimmons sang a beautiful *solo*, from Portogallo. *Absolve quæsumus*, and the most elegant and impressive *quartetto*, *Domine Jesu Christe*, from the same, were executed with fine effect by Fitzsimmions, Lanza, Novello, and Master Fitzpatrick. Amongst the Fashionables present were, Countesses of Aberdeen and Shaftesbury, Viscountess Castlereagh, Lady Haggerston, &c. In the *Tribune*, with the ambassador, were, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and a number of foreigners of distinction, his friends. The organ was played by V. Novello.

London, Aug. 7. The following letter was received by the Lord Mayor between eight and nine this morning:—

'Downing-Street, Aug. 6.

'My Lord—I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship, that dispatches have been received from the Earl of Chatham, dated the 2d and 3d instant, from Middleburg; by which it appears, that the Island of Walcheren has been occupied by his Majesty's troops, and the fortress of Flushing invested, after some resistance, in which a considerable number of prisoners were taken from the enemy.

'The Island of South Beveland has also been taken possession of by the division under the orders of Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hope.

'I have the honor to be
'Your Lordship's most obedient,
'And faithful servant,
'Castlereagh.'

'The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.'

Aug. 14. Accounts were this day received, that a severe battle was fought in Spain on the 27th and 28th Ultimo. The English forces were attacked in their position at Talavera, by the united French

armies of Marshals Victor and Jourdan, under the immediate command of Joseph Bonapartè, being in force double the amount of our troops. After a very obstinate conflict, which commenced on the 27th, and was continued throughout the 28th, the French were ultimately defeated with the loss of twenty pieces of cannon, several eagles, and ten thousand men killed and wounded. It may easily be supposed that a victory of this nature was not purchased without considerable loss on our side, which is estimated at near five thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The French having been strongly reinforced drove in Major-General Mackenzie and the advanced guard to Talavera. Sir Arthur concentrated his force, amounting to twenty thousand men, including the cavalry. On the evening of the 27th the enemy, with from forty to fifty thousand strong, commanded by Joseph Bonapartè, Marshals Victor, Ney, Sebastiani, and several other Generals, attacked the English alone, taking no notice of the Spanish army, which were drawn up on the right of the English line. The battle continued till late at night, and was fought most obstinately by moonlight, and ended by the enemy being repulsed at every point, by the bayonet, and the field of battle strewed with the dead and dying.

At three in the morning of the 28th, the enemy renewed the battle, turning the whole of it's immense force, covered with an extraordinary quantity of heavy cannon, shells, artillery, &c. upon the British alone, still taking no notice of the Spaniards, whom Sir A. Wellesley had directed to remain firm on his right. The tremendous conflict of more than forty thousand men, with an immense number of heavy cannon directed against our army, now less than twenty thousand men, with light field-pieces only, was sustained from ten in the morning till dark, the enemy invariably driven back by charges of the cavalry and by the bayonet, till at length he was compelled to draw off his whole army, leaving behind him fifteen large pieces of cannon, and ten thousand men, carrying with him, under cover of the night, eighty-one or ninety large waggon-loads of wounded.

Our loss has been very severe, Major-General M'Kenzie and Brigadier-General Langworth, and about one thousand killed, and four thousand wounded.

The French were retreating all night after the battle, and were seen the next day in the greatest consternation and confusion. The Spaniard under Cuesta and Venegas in pursuit towards Madrid.

The reinforcement under General Craufurd within a day's march of Sir Arthur.

Sebastiani is said to have been wounded.

The Park and Tower guns were fired at one o'clock.

Accounts were received of the surrender of Flushing the day before yesterday. The welcome intelligence was brought by a merchantman, which had been sent with a present to the commander in chief, and which arrived at Campvere on Monday afternoon, when seven seventy-fours were just getting under weigh to proceed to the bombardment. She quitted Campvere on Tuesday afternoon, but before she sailed an express had reached that place, stating, that Flushing had surrendered on Tuesday morning, at six oclock, after a tremendous bombardment, which is said to have laid all the fortifications fronting the sea completely level with the ground. The number of inhabitants and soldiers that perished in the bombardment was very great indeed.

Aug. 20. Official accounts of the surrender of Flushing were received by government, on which occasion the Park and Tower guns were fired, and an extraordinary gazette published in the evening.

BIRTHS.

July 19. At Barking-Hall, Suffolk, the Right Hon. Viscountess St. Asaph, of a daughter.

20. The Lady of Robert Butler, Esq. of Tavistock-Square, of a daughter.

27. At Chatham, the Lady of Captain Joseph Bingham, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

In Grosvesnor-Place, the Lady of Herbert Jenner, Esq. L. L. D. of a son.

The Lady of Philip Hamond, Esq. of Darsingham, Norfolk, of a son.

31. At Cheltenham, the Lady of Henry Dyott, Esq. of a son.

At Langley Priory, Herts. the Lady of R. Myddleton Biddulph, Esq. of a son.

Aug. 5. The Lady of William Gosling, Esq. of Portland-Place, of a daughter.

10. At Blithfield, in Staffordshire, the Right Hon. Lady Bagot, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 22. At St. Giles's in the Fields, Mr. Willis, of Lancaster, to Miss Shelton, of Bedford-Square.

At St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, Thomas Nicholls, Esq. of Broad-Street Buildings, to Helen, third daughter of the late Mr. John Francis Rivaz, of Stoke Newington.

25. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Lieut.-Adjt. Gilbert Douglas, Royal Military College, to Miss Theresa Jarry, daughter of the late General Francis Jarry, of High Wycombe.

27. At Mary-le-Bone church, Cholmeley Dering, Esq. son of Edward Dering, Bart. of Surrenden Dering, in the county of Kent, to Miss Hale, daughter of William Hale, Esq. of King's Walden, Herts.

31. At St. James's, Westminster, Mr. Robert Loder, Jun. of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, to Miss Bridget Simonds, second daughter of Mr. Simonds, of Wigton, in Cumberland.

At Clifton, by the Rev. Marcus Monck, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Lambert Blair, Esq. of Courtland, Devon, to Miss Stopford, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Lieutenant-General Edward Stopford, and niece to the Earl of Courtown.

Aug. 1. Lately, at St. George's, Hanover-Square, the Rev. Archibald Edward Douglas, Rector of Carnaillway and Ougtreagh, in Ireland, to the Right Hon. Lady Susan Drew, daughter of the late Earl of Dunmore.

3. At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, George Barnard, Esq. of the Stable-Yard, St. James's, to Maria, second daughter of the late Rev. Peter Murthwaite, Rector of the parishes of Nuneham, North Stoke and Ipsdon, Oxfordshire.

At Smalby, in the county of Derby, by the Rev. Henry Peach, Alexander, second son of John Radford, Esq. of that place, to Augusta, only daughter of William Church Norcop, Esq. of Betton-Hall, in the county of Salop.

7. At Mary-le-Bone Church, by special licence, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart. of Dogmersfield Park, in the county of Southampton, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Hon. B. Bouverie.

9. At Glossop, Mr. Keats, of Cheapside, to Miss Betsey Thornely, of Hadfield, Derbyshire.

DEATHS.

July 21. At his house, in Upper Brook-Street, William Strode, of Northaw, in the county of Herts. Esq. This excellent man showed, in his whole conduct, how near perfection mortality can reach.

23. The Rev. George Clarke, Rector of Meysey Hampton, Fairford, Gloucestershire.

28. At his house at Bath, Sandeforth Streatfield, Esq. aged 59.

31. At Blackheath, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Henry, wife of Alexander Henry, Esq. of Finsbury-Square.

Aug. 2. At Priestlands, near Lymington, John Peyton, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red.

In his 57th year, Robert Haggart, Esq. of Foxgrove, Beckennam, Kent.

At his house in George-Street, Trinity-Square, in the 50th year of his age, Andrew Mackay, L. L. D. F. R. S. Edinburgh.

5. At her house, on Richmond-Hill, Lady Clarges, relict of Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart.

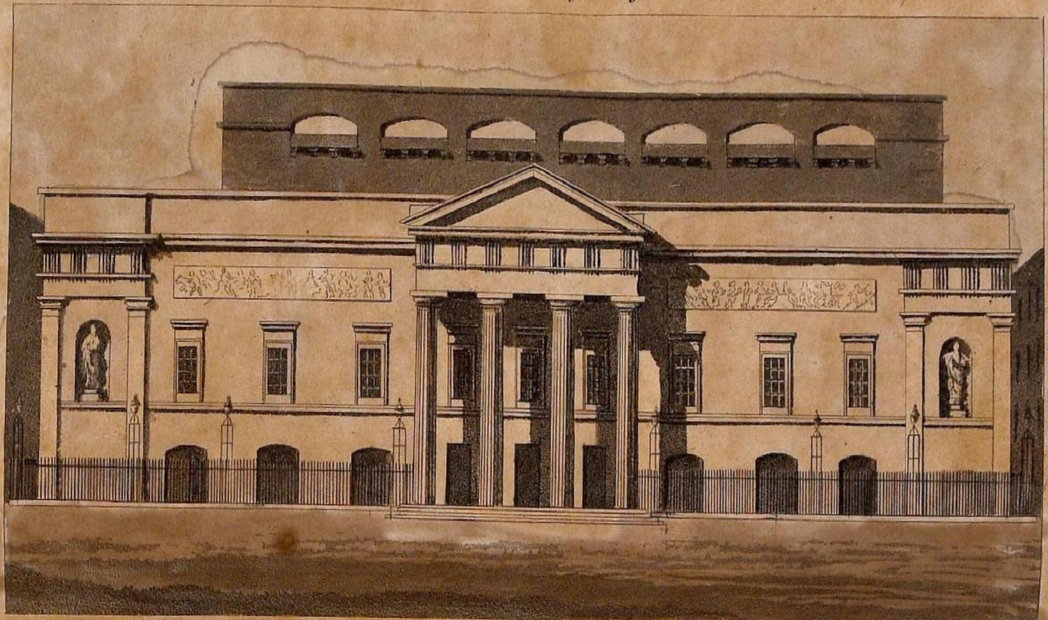
8. At Oriceston, in the county of Pembroke, aged 27, Sir Hugh Owen, Bart. M. P. for Pembroke.

Of an apoplectic fit, at his house in Dorset-Place, Stockwell, William Money, Esq. He held, for many years, a high situation in the Secretary of State's Office.

10. In Sloane-Street, Richard Clark, Esq. formerly an eminent Picture Dealer, in Princes-Street, Soho.

14. At Epping Forest, after a painful illness, Mrs. Petyt, wife of Mr. Petyt, Old Broad-Street.

At her house at Twickenham, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Baldwin, lately of Charlotte-Street, Fitzroy-Square.

17. Mr. Matthew Bolton, of Soho, near Birmingham, the respectable head of the Soho Manufactory, whose exertions in the improvement of the mechanical arts have done so much honor to himself, and have proved so advantageous to the country.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.